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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Milk and Water Reviewing

THE story of John Keats's manful facing of his impudent and scurrilous reviewers has never been better told than by Miss Lowell in her recent "Life." Her caustic pen scratches out for good and all the once familiar picture of a gentle spirit killed by cruelty, and turns upon Wilson, Lockhart, and Croker with satisfying vehemence. It is the hard insolence of Lockhart's youth that she particularly excoriates—youth sold to the need to be brilliant regardless of justice, and wrapped in snobbish intolerance.

In our day we have escaped from political reviewing; and in this country, at least, slashing criticism inspired by angry prejudice and barbed with sneer and innuendo has gone out of fashion. Scurrility in America comes not from pedants like Croker or intellectual snobs of the Lockhart brand; it is more likely to spring from left-handed attempts at publicity or from the vanity of the immature seeking gratification in smartness. When criticism takes a jazz tempo it is offensive but harmless.

Perhaps dislike of violence has carried us too far. The milk of contemporary criticism is entirely too sweet; those healthy acid bacteria that improve authorship have no chance to develop. In the attempt to find some good in everything, and hurt no one's feelings, what might be called the negative encouragement of a slap on the part most needing chastisement does not get inflicted, and many a writer of brilliant promise reaches fatuous self-satisfaction without being told with force and conviction that, in spite of popular success or the esteem of the literary, he is a failure professionally until he turns promise into achievement. There are only a half-dozen novelists, and about the same number of poets and playwrights, now practicing in this country who, from a professional standpoint, have really mastered the art of writing. In Great Britain, where the amount of talent is no greater, if so great, the curve of professional achievement runs a little higher.

Too much reviewing is done with one eye on the publisher and the other on the supposed desire of the reader to be told only pleasant things. Such reviewing is not only futile as criticism but mistaken in its aim. If the reader has intelligence enough to read a book, he craves assistance in discriminating between the goods and the bads that mingle in all works of art. Appreciation worth anything requires its foil of depreciation. If you do not know diffuseness when you see it, how can you savor conciseness? If to your tolerant taste no difference exists between sentiment and sentimentality, there is no use talking to you of truth. The motto for too much American reviewing is Matthew Arnold's "sweetness and light"—minus the light.

The dominant influence of science is responsible for the modern attempt to be dispassionate in analysis and just in criticism. Democracy has taught respect for capability wherever found. To sneer at a poet for being an apothecary would nowadays seem, as well as be, irrelevant. But science in its insistence upon fact (the so-called news of books) has blurred the final aim of criticism, which is to ascertain not usefulness but achievement. It has made us careless of the value of reading if only the book is readable. We have been better at assessing books of fact than books of imagination.

And democracy has given us an unhealthy tolerance for all honest effort, as if every egg should be praised because some day, some how, it might produce a chick. "The humanity of the United States can never reach the sublime," wrote John Keats in a letter also quoted by Miss Lowell. He knew next to nothing of the United States, but his poet's instinct made him feel the danger to art of standards erected by the crowd.

As I Was Among the Captives

By JOSEPH CAMPBELL*

HOPE is the air by which a captive lives;
But the long summer day I groan, and feel
Grey walls like bony hands clutching my throat.
It is his sun; but from the winter sky
Filters no crystal light thro' cobwebbed bars.
White lambs, wild roses, honeysuckle vines,
Dead leaves, deep-throated windstorms, drifting snows
Processionally pass, a dark mindflood,
Drowning sweet liberty in soul despair.
War's iron-written law is paramount:
He hunts my dreams, poor rebels, to the hills,
And holds my body fettered closely here.
Yet, captive as I am, I walk more free
Than yon drab-tunicked sergeant on the roof,
Chained to his Vicar's gun, or that poor slave
Swept from the out-of-works of Malpas Street
To do six hours of sentry go, and sleep,
And pace the sherds again; why, then, am I,
Like Richard Lovelace, cavalier and bard,
Mewed in an earthly cage, but free of soul,
Not to be pitied. This despair will pass.
These loveliest and thrice-most-sacred things
Intense thro' veils of pain one day will shine
With nearer, clearer beauty. This dark stream,
Sprung in the mind, that drags bright joy to death,
Will ebb and flow, and on its second flood
Will come the tear-soaked bread I cast away,
A saving Eucharist.

*The author took part in the Irish Revolution.

This Week

"An Affair of Honor." Reviewed by *Lloyd Morris.*

"Mrs. Dalloway." Reviewed by *Richard Hughes.*

"Hesperides." Reviewed by *Louis Untermeyer.*

"Washington Irving—Esquire." Reviewed by *Stanley Williams.*

"The Dogma of Evolution." Reviewed by *W. L. Sperry.*

"Women of the Cæsars." Reviewed by *Grant Showerman.*

George Edward Woodberry. By *John Erskine.*

Next Week, or Later

Thomas Hardy. By *William Lyon Phelps.*

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Beauty and Calisthenic

By FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

"WHAT is it doing?" was the question that C. Anstruther-Thomson* always asked of a work of art. To her a beautiful thing did a great deal. Her rapture had physical accompaniments. She breathed more deeply, she balanced, her chest rose with the upward thrust of Gothic vaulting, she felt the elastic movement from the nape of her neck all along that lovely reversed ogive of the back of her head which one may study in Sargent's drawing. These tensions characteristic of a state of contemplation in which calm and excitement strangely blended, she observed until under the strain of such introspection she broke down. Not, however, until she had done her part in those remarkable æsthetic experiments which under the editorship of her friend Vernon Lee were in 1897 published as articles, and reprinted as a book called "Beauty and Ugliness" in 1912. The last twenty years of her life were largely spent in showing in the galleries poor Londoners what the works of art were doing. From her diaries and from the papers prepared for her gallery talks her friend has composed a book as intensely alive as it is necessarily casual.

Only England could have produced a career at once so unlikely and so fine as Kit Anstruther-Thomson's, for England alone preserves that unbounded faith in the instincts, the humors as the Elizabethans called them, which such a career implies. Kit Anstruther-Thomson was the daughter of hardriding county gentry of Fifeshire. Her education, she avowed, had been entrusted to the stud groom. Her distinguished London acquaintance gave her the small talk of art. On her own account she dabbled for eight years, partly in sculpture with Dalou, in London, then in painting with Carolus-Duran in Paris. Then, probably catching fire from the æsthetic socialism of Ruskin, she decided to teach the poor to appreciate art. She writes "I gave it (painting) up in 1892 and took to looking at pictures instead of trying to paint them, intending later to make it my business to show the galleries to the East End people of London." So the artist passed quietly away with the young woman of fashion. The sportsman survived, to master swimming and *jiu-jitsu* in middle life, to interpret the Venus de' Medici as a ship under sail, to proclaim the centaur, as combining the great qualities both of man- and horse-flesh, a sort of superman.

If I have hinted at the merely whimsical side—a delightful one—of this fascinating creature, I hasten in justice to add that she took her new vocation with all seriousness. Before venturing to show the East-enders the pictures, she must first know herself what the pictures were all about. There followed the most intense and prolonged analysis of her own experiences of beauty, and at last discovery:

> About the middle of March, 1894 (she writes), I discovered what I take to be the physiological connection between Man and Art from noticing one day that my breathing involuntarily altered as I looked at different pictures. . . . In April, 1894, we went to Rome, where I made experiments with an analogous result upon sculpture . . . noticing that I saw the statue of the Apoxyomenos much better during the noise a stone-mason was making on the floor close by while filing a marble slab. The short, rapid strokes of the file affected my breathing, and as a result the statue looked animated. When the workman

*ART AND MAN, Essays and Fragments. By C. ANSTRUTHER-THOMSON. With an Introduction by Vernon Lee. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1925. $4.

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stopped the statue looked distinctly tamer. Following this indication, I made experiments all the time I was in Rome.

At this time, 1894, she had been for some years in active partnership with the gifted critic, Vernon Lee, had aided her through months of nervous depression, had helped her half-brother, the poet Eugene Lee-Hamilton, to shake off a bed-ridden habit of years' standing. In Vernon Lee, already famous as a critic of things Italian, in Walter Pater's vein, "Kit" worked a kind of æsthetic conversion—a renunciation of the historical-literary method in favor of direct observation of the impact of the work of art. The chief results of their joint investigations are available in their stimulating book "Beauty and Ugliness." In the present volume we sense the joys of the actual quest more keenly than in the systematic work. Returning to the passage quoted above, what its writer had hit upon was that an experience of beauty has physical features, is one of pleasurable tension, which tension, in her own case, could be enhanced by a secondary experience of sense apart from the contemplation of the work of art. What she had failed to notice, apparently, was that the noise of the file on the marble merely increased the nervous tension, was a stimulant. Conceivably a glass of spirits might have worked as favorably.

* * *

Let us follow a few of her experiments. She shows to her East-enders the squat and ugly contour of a Greek water jar. Then she begins to apply its ornament, noting what it does to the form. A spike pattern at the foot pinches in the broadness and raises the whole form. A band of palmettes about the middle still further pulls in its obesity, and the vase looks tall and slender. It rises and thins into positive gracefulness when the figure decoration is traced over the shoulder. We share mentally in all these drawing in and raising processes.

Again we have a bit of Greek vase decoration with jumping hares. By a slight modification of similar and nearly symmetrical spirals, one serves as a springboard for the hare in flight, while the other serves as a hurdle or dead check to the hare whose leap has merely begun. To cap the demonstration, she redraws the pattern badly, and it has no aiding or checking motion. The live lines have died from the draughtsman's neglect. One could not wish for more telling examples of what we mean by vitality in design.

Such analyses have surprising bearings on archæological problems. For instance, Furtwaengler's reconstruction of the Lemnian Athena of Phidias, by applying a head at Bologna to a torso at Dresden, is rejected for lack of rhythm. But change the position right for left, placing the spear in the right hand, and the splendid head fits the body. A similar study of the Medici tombs makes it highly probable that the actual arrangement is by Michelangelo, a matter frequently doubted. But how otherwise account for the necessary relations between the figures seated above and the nudes uneasily balanced on the sarcophagi? The strongly bent and contorted figure of The Thinker serves to hold up the Twilight and Dawn which otherwise would seem to slip away. Even the pilasters seem to pull the figures up into stability. Contrariwise the artificially counterpoised figure of Giuliano, in the other tomb, needs to be upheld by the Night and Day, as Caryatids, and even the pilasters seem to need their support. These opposite rhythms of suspension from above and of support from beneath could hardly have come about from chance, from a pupil's design, from misunderstanding of Michelangelo's conception. Incidentally the roughness and smoothness of the stone cutting in the four great figures is shown to have a "pace value," speeding the eye or arresting it as the occasion demands.

Other extended analyses are made of what the Aegina Marbles, the façade of Notre Dame, certain sculptures by Greek artists or by Desiderio, certain modern paintings did to this most responsive observer. But rather than follow the quest in too many directions, let us test the method in a single striking instance. The subject is a Greek vase.

> In looking at a Greek vase the first thing we notice is that its base seems to be pressing hard upon the ground. (It is a curious fact that it is only in art that we actually *see* the pressure of an object's weight upon the ground! A cart-load of bricks doesn't look as if it pressed on the ground, while a terra-cotta vase weighing six ounces does.) The terra-cotta vase does more than merely press, it grips the ground with its base, and our feet grip the ground in response . . . When under the influence of the work of art we do grip the ground, the action brings with it a feeling of security, of confidence, which it is difficult to believe is the result of so slight a cause. Perhaps, though, the thing is of more importance than it appears, for after all, it is putting us into closer touch with the outer world by the one point of direct contact that we have with it.

Next the rising roundness of the vase brings an urgent message to the whole of our upper body. We raise our ribs and hold them raised, breathing more freely from an expanded chest. And as long as we look at the vase our ribs do not collapse, both in inhalation and exhalation we hold them firm.

> And this holding up on the part of our ribs has a curious influence on our powers of vision: we continue to have a quite steady view of the vase even while we breathe out, whereas in ordinary life it is only while we breathe in that we see things very vividly.

Thus we see twice as intently and continuously as we did before while "this consecutiveness of vision gives us a strangely agreeable sense of evenness and continuity."

Similarly the upward-striving neck brings our own head into alert poise, the handles suggest stretching movements of our own shoulders and arms upwards, constituting a sort of grasp on the air about us. Finally the almost always uneven balance of a Greek vase forces us out of our usually passive balance into an active and slightly shifting one.

The whole experience is one of an active serenity of a heightened sense of living. The vase "has the power of corroborating to ourselves the reality of our own existence, and in so complete a fashion that the very act of being alive, of living, becomes a wider, a keener, a more complex act all the time we go looking at it."

These citations show the rôle of the work of art in this æsthetic. It is the successful conductor of calisthenic exercises—actual or imagined—in a sensitive observer, exercises which give a sense of enhanced and richer and more spacious living and which presumably correspond to the rhythms that guided the creation of the work of art. Before discussing the validity of the view, a word on some similar theories. Out of her own experience C. Anstruther-Thomson had independently arrived at or near the two chief æsthetic discoveries of the 1890's-Karl Groos's "inner mimicry" and Theodor Lipp's Empathy (*Einfühlung*). Groos had noticed that the work of art causes small mimetic responses, sometimes imagined, sometimes actual. Later he came to see that these were probably experiences only of persons of motor disposition. Lipps reverses the direction, asserting that we impute our own activities to the work of art and enjoy our thus projected selves. Personally I do not think the direction matters, if, as I presume, Lipps would have conceded, it is the work of art that makes us feel ourselves into it. We should then be giving back our inner mimicry to the source from which we drew it. Anstruther-Thomson's motor experiences would fit nicely either into the scheme of Groos or Lipps.

* * *

What may seem more important is whether these calisthenic responses are real or imaginary. In myself I feel them as real, quite as Anstruther-Thomson did, in changes of respiration and slight exhilarating shifts of balance. Vernon Lee dutifully drops many a foot-note warning us that these calisthenics may be and probably are entirely mental. To a psychologist I conceive that the issue matters greatly; to a student of æsthetics it seems to me to matter rather little. Enough that a part of the experience of the rhythms of beauty is either the reality, or the helpful illusion, that our own body participates in these rhythms.

Do we experience beauty because we have moved? or de we move because we have experienced beauty? It was the moment of the Lange-James hypothesis, and Anstruther-Thomson would probably have identified the experience of beauty with what to common sense seems merely its physical aids or concomitants.

More important is the question, What puts these rhythms and their potentialities of calisthentic into the work of art? Here Anstruther-Thomson fails us. Confident of the value of her experiences and desirous chiefly to pass them on, she was satisfied when she had them clearly defined. The initial term of the æsthetic transaction, the artist's contribution, did not deeply interest her. Evidently two views are possible. These are either calisthenic exercises of the artist indulged for their own sake, or they are incidental results of the endeavor to express deep experiences grounded widely in the artist's head and heart. If so, the calisthenic would be merely a middle term, like those simple electrical vibrations on the intervening telephone wire that are speech at the beginning and end. Is the transaction very limited and specialized, or does it grow out of the general thinking-feeling of the artist and into the general thinking-feeling of the observer? If so, there is a penumbra at both ends which, while it may defy exact definition, is far more important than the palpable rhythms that play between the soul of the artist and the soul of the lover of art, and surely as worthy of investigation as are these intermediate rhythms.

Evidently, such introspective exercises as those of Anstruther-Thomson have the defect that they introduce into the experience of beauty an alien element of ambuscade. With the keenest and most instinctnve sense of beauty, Anstruther-Thomson was of course playing a double part, lying in wait for her naïve reactions. This possible fallacy, with its potentialities of auto-suggestion should neither be exaggerated nor minimized. It is the constant paradox of all psychological research by introspection. The difficulty of the route has to be put up with, for there is really no other road that leads so far. What is solid value in this book is the freshness and veracity of the æsthetic adventures it enshrines in a vivid, most personal, and delightfully unliterary English.

I have read dozens of treatises on æsthetics without feeling sure that any of the authors had ever really thrilled to a work of art. No such doubt attaches to Kit Anstruther-Thomson's confessions. They are authentic and give us far more trustworthy material than we get from the laboratories. Excellent use has been made of this material by Vernon Lee in an introduction which interweaves enchantingly an intimate memoir with a general sketch of æsthetic. I cannot give it here the attention it deserves or even adequate praise. It is the necessary complement to the genius at once so penetrative and so volatile of her life-long friend.

No account of Kit Anstruther-Thomson would be true without a hint of her fantastic side. It is deliciously nonsensical in such extravagances as her essays on the centaurs and on the Venus de'Medici; it is divinatory in her words on the early masterpiece of her friend John Sargent, Carnation, Lily and Rose. Hear her as she tells her East-enders:

> It is just dusk, you see . . . at dusk flowers begin to take command and people become of no importance: I don't know how it is. The flowers are whispering to each other and round about are the lanterns, swinging like some fantastic dance. In the middle are the children lighting the lanterns—at least that is what they are supposed to be doing—but really they are stirring some sort of magic potion, some elixir brewed out of perfume and of dusk, and it flares up as they stir it.

"Sentimentality"!! I hear all the incorporated and unincorporated æsthetic gradgrinds of both worlds hiss through their beautifully made artificial teeth. But I am sure the great and simple hearted virtuoso who has just gone would have accepted this reading of his single fantasia.

Winners of the Pulitzer prizes in journalism and letters for 1924 were recently announced. Awards in letters were made as follows:

"For the American novel published during the year which best reflects the wholesome atmosphere of American life and the highest standard of American manners and manhood" to "So Big," by Edna Ferber (Doubleday, Page).

"For the original American play, performed in New York, which shall best represent the educational value and power of the stage in raising the standard of good morals, good taste, and good manners" to "They Knew What They Wanted," by Sidney Howard.

"For the best book of the year upon the history of the United States" to "A History of the American Frontier," by Frederick L. Paxson (Houghton Mifflin).

"For the best American biography teaching patriotic and unselfish services to the people, illustrated by an eminent example, excluding, as too obvious the names of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln" to "Barrett Wendell and His Letters," by M. A. De Wolfe Howe (Atlantic Monthly Press).

"For the best volume of verse published during the year by an American author" to Edwin Arlington Robinson (Macmillan).

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Delectable Confectionery

AN AFFAIR OF HONOR. By STEPHEN McKENNA. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1925. $2.50.

Reviewed by LLOYD MORRIS

OVER a period of years Stephen McKenna has taught us to anticipate diversion in his novels, if nothing more. Nor is mere diversion to be despised; its practise in fiction becomes more difficult with the wider diffusion of sophistication, and at the moment is only infrequently attempted. For Mr. McKenna it may be said that he is usually engaging and seldom dull. He has a pretty wit, with occasional lights of well-bred satire. He is adroit in the conduct of plot, and polite, on the whole, to human nature in his portrayal of character. The world revealed in his novels is scarcely exciting or of commanding significance, but it is a pleasant world with comfortable traditions and amusing ways of evading them. The sort of world, in short, which one might choose for a relaxing week-end or an agreeable tea-hour.

Mr. McKenna is at his best when he makes us free of this world without attempting to attach to it an importance which it does not rightfully possess. He is at his worst when disposed to take it seriously; his ambitious efforts to employ it as the material of a modern *comédie humaine* have resulted in what may prove to be his least attractive novels. And the blight of social seriousness which has infected so many of his contemporaries has not altogether spared him. To his cost; he seems unable to be simultaneously solemn and diverting. His new novel is, therefore, to be welcomed for its return to the mood of levity, banter, and gentle comedy in which his talents achieve their most satisfactory expression.

"An Affair of Honour" is fantastic comedy of a gossamer texture, as light and trivial as thistledown in a sunny garden. But, in its kind, it is excellently done. No boisterous onslaught of the actual ever threatens the delicate web which supports it. No tempest from a troubled world is permitted to interrupt the pursuit of pleasurable avocations. Everyone is on a holiday, and there are cricket, masquerade balls, lots of leisure, and just enough love-making to make *ennui* inconceivable. Against this background in atmosphere, Mr. McKenna has projected an entertaining fable, ingeniously contrived as to suspense and celerity of action, involving a group of Oxford lads, the editor of a moribund Oxford newspaper, and the members of a cricketing house-party. In effect, the story deals with the unforeseen consequences of an exceedingly masterly hoax perpetrated by the collegians in the interest of a despairing editor. In essence, it deals with well-dressed (and well-bred) young love.

The elements of the novel are admittedly inconsequential; but in the inconsequence of the book is to be found its chief attraction. Mr. McKenna possesses the "light hand" requisite to delectable confectionery, and he has exercised it to no little effect. His characters are humanly appealing; his scenes are dramatically convincing and sparkling as well; there is abundant humor and there is sustained interest. The story moves at a rapid *tempo*, and the movement is interrupted only for an occasional episode which enables the author to extract some additional fun from character and situation. To hold the elements of his narrative as dexterously as Mr. McKenna has succeeded in holding them and to meanwhile maintain an unflagging mood of urbane comedy, is an evidence of not inconsiderable craftsmanship. Mr. McKenna has provided good entertainment for a vacant hour.

Delafieldian Effect

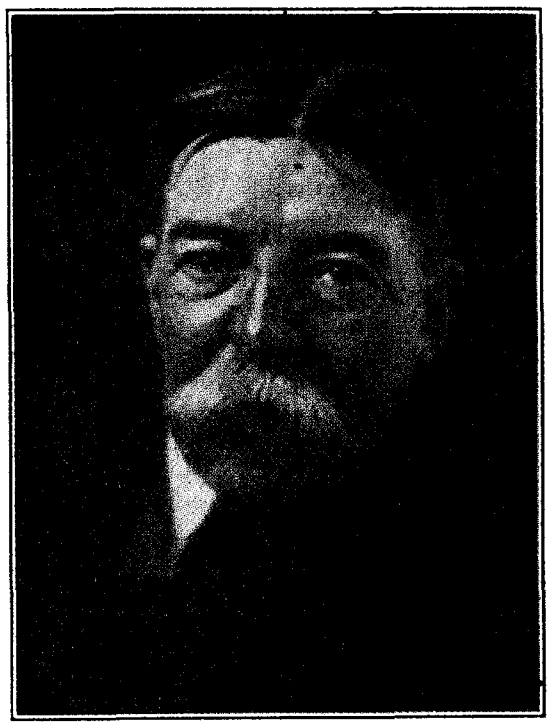
MRS. HARTER. By E. M. DELAFIELD. New York: Harper & Bros. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by PHILIP COAN

IS it really so that characters run true to form, and can always be relied on for the same reactions, like the Queen of Clubs and the Jack of Diamonds? It must be so, for we take such delight in the people who behave thus in fiction. E. M. Delafield has a rare knack of making her men and women run true to form, and it renders her books delightful to read. Now as a rule, the play of immutable nonentities yields only comedy. Pickwick is rich only as a source of laughter. Where it is a question of man at serious grips with unfriendly fate, man—or woman—must give fate a run for its money, must be supple, resourceful, sinewy. E. M. Delafield has therefore tried a daring experiment in "Mrs. Harter," in which she seeks to evolve tragedy amid a group of English village gentry as fixed in their ways and thoughts as so many mechanical toys.

The tin toys, it is true, form only the chorus. The principals are of a different substance. Diamond Harter is a hard, unfriendly young woman, who has lived rather fast, and has quit a husband in Cairo. But when, at Cross Loman, she becomes fond of Captain Patch, she develops. She ceases to be that triumph of the novelist, a well marked character, and becomes a creature in the making. And Patch himself is full of possibilities and of impulses. Patch, who wants another mans wife, and yet wants quite as earnestly to behave himself, suffers, as one might expect. Mrs. Harter is snubbed and disparaged by the respectable but amusing folk of the neighborhood, according to their divers ways. Finally Mr. Harter arrives from Egypt, and brings about a grand smashup, in which poor Patch is eliminated. Harter goes to jail, and his wife takes herself off to other parts, desolate but unbroken, like the hard woman that she is.

That which makes all this vivid and intense is the ingenious illumination of a thousand sidelights cast by the comment and behavior of the bystanders. Sir Miles, the narrator of the affair, is a querulous, chair-ridden masculine gossip. His wife is a self centred woman, acute, overemotional, and constitutionally unhappy. Old General Kendal, his wife and their numerous stolid daughters are golden-hearted but wooden-headed to the last degree. Sallie and Martyn Ambrev represent the New Young,



George Edward Woodberry

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curious, literal, detached yet always and ludicrously true to type. There is also a Colonial Governor's widow, with a well preserved Mansion House attitude toward her neighbors. All these people and yet others watch Mrs. Harter and Patch, misconstrue, surmise, tattle, and in the end, like the three blind men who examined the elephant, give us a picture comic in the details, yet keen in the final impression it conveys.

To take a trite story of love out of bounds, leading to destruction, and to instil it with poignancy by such an ingenious use of indirection, is no slight feat of technique. Some may say that the book achieves effect, rather than import, that the narration is striking, the matter a trifle. But it is no small thing at this stage of the game of fiction, to score with an effect that others have not worked to exhaustion. Not wholly a new effect, to be sure, since something like it may be found in such old examples as "The Ring and the Book" and "Silas Marner." The touch of real innovation is the device of a chorus made up of country-house types, of slaves to personal kink and trait, generally reserved for comic use.

And one feels that the author has been quite satisfied to create an effect, and let it go at that. The notion that the exit of Captain Patch in an automobile driven by the irate Mr. Harter had in it nothing of sublime necessity does not trouble her. She makes us see her two principal persons, and feel for their mischance, and that is enough for her.

A Day in London Life

MRS. DALLOWAY. By VIRGINIA WOOLF. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1925. $2.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD HUGHES

TO the poet the visible world exists: it shines with an intense brilliance, not only to the eye but to the touch, ear, smell, inward vision. (To the man-of-the-world, the visible world is unreal: his reality is a spiritual one: the only things which exist for him are his desires, and —in a lesser degree—his beliefs.) In Mrs. Woolf's new novel, "Mrs. Dalloway," the visible world exists with a brilliance, a luminous clarity. In particular, it is London: to the reader, London is made, for the first time (this will probably surprise him) to exist. It emerges, shining like crystal, out of the fog in which all the merely material universe is ordinarily enveloped in his mind: it emerges, and stays. The present writer has "known" London all his life: but Mrs. Woolf's evocation of it is of a very different quality from his own memories: a quality which answers the farmer's question, when he was puzzled as to why folk should pay five hundred guineas for a painting of his farm, when they could have the house itself for two hundred. To Mrs. Woolf London exists, and to Mrs. Woolf's readers anywhere and at any time London will exist with a reality it can never have for those who merely live there.

Vividness alone, of course, is not art: it is only the material of art. But Mrs. Woolf has, I think, a finer sense of form than any but the oldest living English novelist. As well as the power of brilliant evocation she has that creative faculty of form which differs from what is ordinarily called construction in the same way that life differs from mechanism: the same quality as Cézanne. In the case of the painter, of course, this "form" is purely visual; the synthesis—relation—rhythm—whatever you call it, is created on this side the eye; while in the case of the poet the pattern is a mental one, created behind the eye of the reader, composed directly of mental processes, ideas, sensory evocation—not of external agents (not of the words used, I mean). So, in the case of Mrs. Woolf, and of the present novel, it is not by its vividness that her writing ultimately stays in the mind, but by the coherent and processional form which is composed of, and transcends, that vividness.

Philosophy as much as smell of violets is grist to the artist's mill: in actual practice, it is generally more so. Here, Mrs. Woolf touches all the time the verge of the problem of reality: not directly, like Pirandello, but by implication. (She is not so prone to emphasis as Pirandello.) In contrast to the solidity of her visible world there rises throughout the book in a delicate crescendo *fear*. The most notable feature of contemporary thought is the wide recognition by the human mind of its own limitation; *i.e.*, that it is itself not a microcosm (as men used to think) but the macrocosm: that it cannot "find out" anything about the universe because the terms both of question and answer are terms purely relative to itself: that even the key-words, *being* and *not-being*, bear no relation to anything except the mind which formulates them. (This is at least as old as Tao Tse, but until now has seldom been recognized by the ordinary man.) In short, that logical and associative thinking do not differ in ultimate value—or even perhaps in kind. So, in this book each of the very different characters—Clarissa Dalloway herself, the slightly more speculative Peter, the Blakeian "lunatic," Septimus Warren Smith, each with their own more or less formulated hypothesis of the meaning of life—together are an unanswerable illustration of that bottomlessness on which all spiritual values are based. This is what I mean by fear.

To come to the matter of chronicle, this novel is an account of a single day in London life; its sole principal event is the return from India of Mrs. Dalloway's rejected suitor; the other characters are in many cases not even acquainted with the principals—sometimes simply people they pass in the street, or even people who merely see the same aeroplane in the sky. Towards the end, one of these strangers flings hmiself from a window; and Mrs. Dalloway, after spending most of the morning wandering about Bond Street, gives a party in the evening. But then, Chronicle is an ass; this is an unusually coherent, lucid, and enthralling book, whatever he may suggest to the contrary.

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Achievement

HESPERIDES. By RIDGELY TORRENCE. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1925. $1.75.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

IN 1900, there appeared among more imposing volumes of verse a tiny green booklet. True to the Eighteen Nineties, it carried a rather precious air; even its end-papers swaggered a bit in gold. Its name was "The House of a Hundred Lights" and its grave subtitle "A Psalm of Experience after Reading a Couplet of Bidpai." Its author was one Frederic Ridgely Torrence and in Miss Rittenhouse's "The Younger American Poets" his half whimsical, half defiant, and altogether influenced stanzas furnished a theme for the sixteenth chapter, the preceding one being devoted to the "subtle imagery" of Mary McNeil Fenollosa, the following chapter being a tribute to "the brave, strong, acquiescent" poetry of Gertrude Hall. Can it be possible, we murmur, as we part our thinning hair, that twenty-five years is so many infinities ago? Miss Rittenhouse's enthusiastic volume was published in 1904; among "the youngsters" to whom she devoted separate chapters were Mr. George E. Santayana (Miss Rittenhouse never did tell what the E. stood for!), Messrs. George Woodberry, Frederick Lawrence Knowles, Charles G. D. Roberts, Arthur Upson, and the Misses Edith M. Thomas and Alice Brown, curtsying on the way to "the cheer-giving songs of Frank L. Stanton, fledged with the Southland sunshine" and "the verse-stories of Holman F. Day, representing such phases of New England life as have been little celebrated" . . . No! No! we protest. Time cannot move so fast!

Meanwhile, during the rise and fall of numerous schools, movements and tendencies, the youngest of Miss Rittenhouse's younger people refused to publish another volume. Poems by Torrence attracted immediate notice on their infrequent appearance in magazines; his "A Ritual for a Funeral," in company with Miss Millay's "Renascence," just missed one of the prizes in "The Lyric Year" (1911); his "Eye-Witness," "The Bird and the Tree" and "The Son," continually quoted, became contemporary classics. But Torrence remained in the peculiar position of one whose poetry was known only through the anthologies, his own volume being not only unprocurable but unprinted.

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This strange and almost absurd circumstance has been remedied. A full quarter of a century after his advent, Torrence has published, without preamble or apology, his second collection of poems, "Hesperides." Physically, it is not a large book—Torrence is not a voluminous writer—but in these one hundred pages is contained some of the most definite and distinguished poetry of the day. The title-poem is more than "impressive"; unless its classic tag deceives the critics into believing it to be a belated echo of Bulfinch, it will be recognized as containing the mysterious ichor which preserves a few poems beyond their generation. It is so integrated that quotation cannot hope to capture its exaltation; but even a torn segment from the beginning contains hints of its grave speech, a language that is dignified but never dull:

Here in the May-bright square of the city he stood,
Young, on a morning that now seems a world away;
When the trees that he stared among seemed of an evil wood
With a silence coiled at the root, aimed straight at the day.
And he thought of a hillside orchard with bees asway
And he looked at the towers and thought they were better
in sand,
Here where the gods he had sickened all year to obey
Portioned his breath and his dreams with a brute command,
Until he remembered with tears his father's hand.

The poem itself furnishes a curious contrast to Robinson's title-poem, "Dionysus in Doubt," published at the same time by the same publishers. Both are "dream poems," both employ the actual world of today as a point of departure. But where Robinson's doubt is dark and foreboding, Torrence's dubiety ascends to a courageous and almost confident vision.

There is little need to trumpet the qualities of the other poems. Almost all are so well known that the mere listing of them would serve as a recognition which in itself would be implicit praise. Though at first thought Torrence may seem unnecessarily tardy in waiting so many years to publish his volume, successive readings disclose how keen a self-critical sense has sharpened the outlines of this verse. Nor is the book itself belated. The individual poems may be familiar but it is nothing less than good fortune which brings together in one volume the magnificent "Eye-Witness," that most original treatment of the theme of Christ's second coming; "The Lesser Children" which does not suffer with Blunt's similar appeal in "Satan Absolved"; the purely lyrical "The Singers in a Cloud," and that brief epic of a lynching, "The Bird and the Tree," which is as famous as it is stirring.

An entire article might be written concerning Torrence's firm clarity of thought and phrase. Practically every anthology of the period contains "The Son"—and yet I wonder how many of the readers of its sixteen lines are aware of the great artistry which has crowded the tragedy of a lifetime into so brilliant a condensation. Every casual line makes the revelation greater; every word is as starkly dramatic as it is inevitable. In itself the last quatrain is a masterpiece of writing.

"It feels like frost was near—
His hair was curly.
The spring was late that year,
But the harvest early."

The few wholly new poems, while less distinguished, will help to enlarge Torrence's audience. And the concluding "Rituals for the Events of Life" bring the volume to a sonorous climax; they might well be substituted for the religious ceremonies of any creed. A more detailed analysis of "Hesperides" would be nothing more than a series of quotations and redundant adjectives. The poet's technique, though not ostentatious or dazzling, is sufficiently flexible; it loses none of the poet's nobilities of thought. "Hesperides" will effectually silence those who have been talking of Torrence in terms of promise. This is an achievement—one which will undoubtedly loom as one of the finest of the period.

Man and Man-of-Letters

WASHINGTON IRVING, ESQUIRE. By GEORGE S. HELLMAN. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1925. $4.

Reviewed by STANLEY WILLIAMS
Yale University

"THE present volume," says Mr. George S. Hellman in his fourth chapter, "has been called 'Washington Irving, Esquire,' and it is in the life of a great and lovable gentleman that we are far more interested than in the easily ascertainable achievement of the writer whose works have long been the subject of critical evaluation." This sentence suggests the nature of this pleasant book. In easy fashion Mr. Hellman tells the story of the ambassador and man of letters, a story now enriched by new material from the Seligman and other collections of manuscripts, by numerous illustrations, and by designs on the book's jacket of the windows in the Washington Irving Memorial Chapel, at Sleepy Hollow. Into his work, Mr. Hellman says, "has flown . . . that spirit of generous helpfulness which was so predominantly a trait of Washington Irving."

The reader pauses over the third chapter with its full account of the love affairs of Irving. These Mr. Hellman relates in detail because of the tendency of the early biographer (Pierre M. Irving) to stress the "gentle myth" of Matilda Hoffman, and to make omissions and suppressions "whose nature is now apparent through a careful study of Irving's Dresden diaries." Though Irving did not marry, he was never apparently quite fancy-free, and a gallery of his ladies' portraits, from Matilda to Antoinette, would reveal his interest in feminine charm, and his discriminating taste. He was twenty-seven when, as Mr. Hellman says, Henry Brevoort and he "wooed the delicious widow," Jane Jeffrey Renwick, nine years older than himself,—Jane Jeffrey with memories of an earlier lover whose name was Robert Burns. Mr. Hellman quotes freely from the poems to "My Jeanie," which, if they do not describe the lady as fully as we could wish, do reveal the poet's feelings about her.

Ten years later Irving was in the midst of his romance with Emily Foster, which ended with the significant entry in a diary: "Determine to quit Dresden soon." Each of these ladies, says Mr. Hellman, Irving desired to marry. Later affairs are perhaps less definite, but they engaged Irving at one time or another. Madame de Bergh was his partner in an insignificant flirtation, and he at least admired Mary Fairlie, who was so witty that she made George Washington burst out into "uproarious laughter." As we glance up at our office picture of "The Father of His Country," this seems a little shocking, but much must be allowed to the original of "Sophie Sparkle" in the "Salmagundi Papers." One interlude was the "longing" of Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley for Irving, but early in 1826, in Spain, he is writing letters of sincere friendship to Mademoiselle Antoinette Bolvillier. These four or five, then, emerge from the many who stirred, for a month or a day or a moment, the susceptible mind of Washington Irving. Their power, however fitful, to amuse or inspire him, confirms our impressions of his romantic nature.

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Mr. Hellman's chapter on "The Writer of Plays" reminds us, I think, of the untruth of conventional commentaries on Irving which praise him for confining himself so completely to the form of the essay. For this part of the biography makes clear Irving's enthusiasm for the drama. The genesis of Mr. Hellman's study of Irving as a dramatist, he suggests in a note: "In this chapter the author without resorting to quotation marks, has with appreciated permission drawn upon his introductions for the recent and initial publications of 'Abu Hassan' and 'The Wild Huntsman' by the Bibliophile Society." These introductions Mr. Hellman has enlarged by further study; and he has written synopses of the plays. The previous indifference concerning this aspect of Irving is suggested from Mr. Hellman's account of his own experience while engaged in these researches: "Only the other day," he says, "when I was seated at Irving's desk in the little study of Irving's home at Sunnyside, I found in a drawer containing books and papers for many years unstudied, Irving's autographed copy of 'Faust'" (Irving was deeply interested in "Faust" as a drama). As a boy he had been fond of the theatre, and later, as "Jonathan Oldstyle," he wrote dramatic criticisms for *The Morning Chronicle*. It is not, therefore, surprising, to learn that in Dresden he translated plays, and even acted. With John Howard Payne he wrote during the years 1823 and 1824: "Charles II," "Richelieu," "Abu Hassan," and "The Wild Huntsman." Mr. Hellman's conclusion concerning Irving as a dramatist is that he was not able to write plays of "such psychological, embracingly intellectual, and convincingly dramatic content as to satisfy his own critical sense."

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Yet, after all, the most interesting part of this new life of Irving is the inclusion in the next to the last chapter of some forty pages of letters written by Washington Irving from Spain. Mr. Hellman does not weave these letters into a narrative, but allows them, with spelling, punctuation, and capitalization unchanged, to tell the story in their own way. Addressed to Legare, Calhoun, and Webster during the 'forties they depict what Irving calls "the tortuous course of Spanish politics." Although constantly inquiring, in other letters, about the time of his release from ambassadorial duties, Irving is here shown to be perfectly at home in the world of diplomacy. Like other American writers of the nineteenth century he had an engrossing occupation apart from literature. Indeed we may accuse this occupation of stealing him from *belles lettres*. Slowly the old desire to write dimmed and when he finished his "Life of Washington" he exclaimed: "Thank Heaven! I give up all further tasking with the pen." Soon afterwards he died, the most beloved American, Mr. Hellman thinks, of his generation.

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The Ultimate Mystery

THE DOGMA OF EVOLUTION. By Louis Trenchard More. Princeton: Princeton University Press. 1925.

Reviewed by Willard L. Sperry
Harvard University

THE initial excellence of this uniformly excellent volume is its accurate and suggestive title. A dogma is an hypothesis which has achieved the dignity of accepted and conventional doctrine, and which has subsequently put on the purple of infallibility. Forgetting that it rose from the ranks it claims to be descended from the gods. Having lost the saving salt of a wholesome self-criticism, it resents as treason and blasphemy the criticism of others. Fortuately for human affairs the ultimate assumptions of the dogma and the dogmatist have a way of breeding a counter company of heretics and rebels, whose office it is to induce the neglected virtue of humility and to celebrate the ultimate mystery of life and the world, lying beyond hypothesis, doctrine, and dogma alike.

Professor More is of this goodly and serviceable fellowship. He discerns in the science of biology, at the present time, a tacit assumption of a final authority over human affairs which he cannot concede. He is profoundly suspicious of the tendency of "pseudo-biologists" and "doctrinaire sociologists" to derive systems of political and economic ethics, and of theology, from the "laws" of biological evolution. Given the vast wild world of facts in their totality he doubts whether any science which proceeds by the inductive method is at present in a position to claim a reading of the riddle of life, and he is certain that biology is very far from any such position.

Professor More, as a critic of conventional evolutionary thinking, has the advantage of his discipline as a physicist. He brings to the romantic dogmas of evolution the severer realism of a stricter science. The vigor and incisiveness of his criticism rests upon this major premise of his work.

The book falls roughly into three sections. A first section dissociates the Greek attitude and the Mediæval attitude from the modern evolutionary hypothesis. It is the modern fashion to discover in Democritus, Aristotle, Roger Bacon, and their kind a clear prevision of the doctrine of evolution. Whatever intimations of evolutionary thinking may be discovered before the nineteenth century this fact is plain, the whole hypothesis rests upon a correct reading of the geological record of fossil remains, and Cuvier early in the last century seems to have been the first to have read this record correctly. Professor More, therefore, challenges the conventional tendency of Osborn and his collaborators to attribute to the doctrine of evolution a consecutive history from the beginnings of reflective and analytic thinking.

A second section discusses the present state of the controversy between the Lamarckians and the Darwinians. Conceding that Darwin was "the foremost biologist of all times" Professor More deplores the development of Darwinism into a "mythical cult" and plainly inclines to a theory of the inheritance of acquired traits rather than to a theory of natural selection. The central section of the book serves to inform the lay reader of the sharp divisions of opinion as to the probable method of evolution existing among modern biologists, to remind all concerned that no theory of evolution has yet accounted for the origin of species since the hypothesis of evolution is "based on faith alone; exactly the same sort of faith which it is necessary to have when one encounters the great mysteries of religion."

* * *

A final section of the book is a trenchant commentary upon the account of life as mechanism and the dubious results which have followed from the unwarranted application of an uncertain theory of natural selection to the political, industrial, and ethical interests of modern society. The closing chapters are a severe arraignment of the o'er-vaulting ambition of biological thinking to read the Riddle of the Universe and to assume the dictation of history too easily.

These pages will compel the sober-second-thought of a too facile rationalism, they will confirm the convictions of those who invoke an immaterial reality to interpret facts at hand, and they will serve to restore a consciousness of mystery which is a salutary ingredient of the disciplined and humble mind.

Not a little of the delight of the book springs from the reader's joy at the scintillating play of Professor More's rapier. "Weissman cut off the tails of many mice for many generations, and when each new generation persisted in having tails, he cast Lamarck's theory aside, ignoring absolutely the simple fact that mutilations inflicted on an animal can hardly be called a habit acquired by the animal!" Such sentences are as accurate as they are refreshing.

Women of the Ancients

THE WOMEN OF THE CAESARS. By Guglielmo Ferrero. Translated by Christian Gauss. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1925. $5.

Reviewed by Grant Showerman
University of Wisconsin

THE women of the Caesars whose stories are told by the author of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome" in the 50,000 words and 47 illustrations of this attractively printed book are Livia, the wife of Augustus and the mother of Tiberius, long-lived, capable, and influential in both civic and domestic relations; the two Julias, daughter and granddaughter of Augustus, types of a younger generation spoiled by the sudden acquisition of freedom and power; Antonia, the beautiful and dignified daughter of Mark Antony and his wife of Drusus and the mother of Germanicus; Agrippina, the wife of Germanicus, daughter of the elder Julia and Agrippa, attractive and worthy, but not too judicious in the appraisal of her grievances and the attempt at their satisfaction; the sisters of Caligula; Messalina, the scandalous but after all not wholly inhuman wife of Claudius, and Agrippina the younger, last wife of Claudius and mother of Nero. They thus represent the history of the Julian family and the empire for about one century, from the marriage of Augustus and Livia in 38 B. C. to the murder of Agrippina at the instigation of Nero in A. D. 59.

The author introduces the body of his work by a chapter entitled Woman and Marriage in Ancient Rome, in which, after outlining the legal status of the wife, he describes the sudden and rapid movement toward emancipation which took place in the lives of women of the imperial and aristocratic circle with the establishment of the empire and the increase of prosperity and power that came with conquest and peace. It was a change which brought freedom for both good and evil. It operated variously according to character and circumstance, but in the main resulted in women of powerful personality whose lives counted in the affairs of the state and in the morality of its citizens. The two Julias and their associates, who represented the younger set and rebellion against the old-time proprieties and responsibilities which had made the Roman matron one of the noblest ideals of womanhood for all time, were more than balanced by the Livia and Antonia kind, who in the midst of political intrigue and a morally crumbling society still exemplified the ancestral virtues of simple behavior, thrift, capability, and fidelity to the interests of household and state. Whether so intended or not, "The Women of the Caesars" is a fine tribute to the women of ancient Rome and to womankind in general.

Ferrero writes with vigor, directness, and confidence, and is always readable and stimulating. The interest of his pages for the general reader is due in large part to his interpretations of ancient life by reference to modern conditions. The economic and political motives of our own day are made to explain the behavior of the world of two thousand years ago. Their interest for the more expert, for the student and the staid historian, lies partly in the stimulation, and partly in the challenge, communicated by an author who advances unconventional and novel views. It is not that the conservative, as well as Ferrero, does not believe Tacitus biassed and Suetonius something less than history, but that he suspects and resents the too facile brushing aside of witnesses who after all were very near the times they wrote of, and the too liberal reading in of motives which are no more to be proved than those ascribed by the ancient authors.

"The Women of the Caesars" first appeared in English in 1911. It is all the more readable and all the more plausible now, after fourteen years during which the prominent traits in our own experience have been expansion in prosperity, power, and freedom of individual conduct, and rapid change above all in the life of woman. In 1911 we had just got through the era of high-piled false hair, imported, it was said, from China. In another year we entered the era, not yet ended, of smeared faces. Since then we have advanced all along the line—elevated skirts and lowered bosoms and shortened sleeves and clinging transparent stuffs, cocktails and cigarettes, petting and necking parties, universal driving, sex novels and sex movies and sex studies and sex conversations and juvenile and adult courts rapidly developing into sex courts and divorce courts, bobbed hair and beauty boxes and beauty shops, votes for women, offices for women, and leadership by women. The reader will see many resemblances between the uses and abuses of freedom in the first century at Rome and the uses and abuses of the twentieth century world descended from it. Knowing both the good and the bad of our own world and little but the bad of the ancient world, he will in most respects continue to think the ancients far behind our own times, and he will surely conclude that the pace of their women was really very slow.

Carlyle Vignetted

CARLYLE TO "THE FRENCH REVOLUTION" (1826-1837). By David Alec Wilson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1924. $6.

CARLYLE AND MILL. By Emery Neff. New York: Columbia University Press. 1924. $2.25.

Reviewed by Gerald Hewes Carson

AS Mr. D. A. Wilson's biography of Thomas Carlyle unfolds itself at the rate of one fat volume a year, the impression grows upon one that J. A. Froude may indeed have met his Nemesis. From 1881, the year of Carlyle's death, to the present, the genius of Carlyle's deft but not altogether scrupulous literary executor has prevailed against all other commentators in fixing the outlines of Carlyle's character.

Froude did not have his way with Carlyle by default. In the early nineteen hundreds, when Froude had passed on to his reward, a strenuous effort was made by Alexander Carlyle, Professor Charles Eliot Norton, Sir James Crichton-Browne and others, to repair Froude's scholarship and Carlyle's reputation. Literature even looked to the doctor for help in the work of rehabilitation, and there was some serious discussion as to the proper limits of posterity's curiosity about the private lives of dead literary lions. That position, of course, has been wisely abandoned in face of a menacing advance by the serried routes of psychologists and memoirists.

And so, though willing hands have long been turned to the work, it has remained for Mr. Wilson, openly belligerent toward "the fancy of the foolish Froude," really to make headway with a new Carlyle. Time and opportunity are on his side; Froude is dead and Wilson isn't. With patient, loving, assiduous scholarship, Mr. Wilson has pondered every book, run down every clue, scanned every available scrap of correspondence, conversed with every surviving nonagenarian who knew Carlyle in the flesh—all that he might come to closer grips with his subject. Like the great biographers of other days, he has lived a kind of second life, though his trade was "official work in Burma."

This second volume quite exceeds the first which was a little costive. Now Mr. Wilson emerges as something of a personality in his own right, and to emerge in such wise is part of the business of the biographer. Rugged, sometimes almost gnarled in his thought and expression, he has something of the copiousness, something of the grim humor of his great compatriot, and an eye for the human and dramatic detail, the concrete and picturesque fact, which in Carlyle himself we today find so much more durable than his politics.

In "Carlyle to 'The French Revolution,'" Mr. Wilson follows the plan of "Carlyle Till Marriage." The book is divided into short, rapid chapters of from three to six pages each, and in each he tries by the selection and control of incident and quotation to give a new and revealing aspect of Carlyle's personality. Like an Elizabethan poet building a sonnet sequence, Mr. Wilson works in a short form in which he elevates his Idea each time anew, turns it about, allows the lights and shadows to play upon it, searches out its significance, editorializes, aligns it with the truth of the central pattern he has already described in his own mind.

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To change the figure, Mr. Wilson presents Carlyle in a series of vignettes. The method is not hackneyed, and works out admirably for the reader who knows his Carlyle intimately enough to be beyond the necessity of a continual factual narrative.

And that is precisely the reader whom Mr. Wilson seeks, for his books "taken as read" include all the chief sources—Froude, the Carlyles (Thomas, Jane Welsh, and Alexander) and Professor Norton. Yet this book is not merely an artistic and interpretative handling of material already available. In taking the story of the Carlyles from October, 1826, the month and year of their marriage, through the bleak years at Craigenputtock, through "Sartor Resartus," through Edinburgh and London days, the writing of "The French Revolution," and the happy climax of the book's favorable review by both John Stuart Mill and Thackeray—in his exposition of all this Mr. Wilson has introduced a wealth of new evidence.

Mr. Wilson's most signal contribution is to chronicle upon the basis of hitherto unpublished letters the long friendship of Carlyle and Lord Jeffrey, and to trace the salutary influence of the Scotch jurist and *Edinburgh Reviewer* upon the younger man.

It was in 1827—Carlyle was just beginning to attract some attention in the literary society of Edinburgh—that he presented himself and a letter of introduction at Jeffrey's house. The meeting was short, but highly successful. "Jeffrey returned the call," says Mr. Wilson, and adds with a characteristic kind of restrained malevolence, "He brought his wife to make acquaintance with Mrs. Carlyle; and the women were able to tolerate each other." (This, perhaps, because Jeffrey's admiration of Mrs. Carlyle was so patent!)

Perceiving how much Carlyle had in him, Jeffrey labored to deliver him of oddity and perverseness. When he had thrown the *Review* open to Carlyle, and his "Burns" was under consideration, Jeffrey costigated him roundly for diffuseness, "mystical jargon," and his resolute drumming for the Germans. Jeffrey wrote:

> You will treat me as something worse than an ass, I suppose, when I say that I am firmly persuaded the great source of your extravagance, and of all that makes your writings intolerable to many, and ridiculous to not a few, is not so much any real peculiarity of opinions as an unlucky ambition to appear more original than you are, or the humbler and still more delusive hope of converting our English intellects to the creed of Germany, and being the apostle of another reformation.

The friendship and admonition of Jeffrey did not make, nor did anything else ever, for meekness or humility in Thomas Carlyle. He sturdily preferred his own "German mysticism" to what he called Jeffrey's "dead Edinburgh Whiggism, scepticism, and materialism," and so continued permanently to mistake in himself sincerity for originality.

Through the years 1827-1834 Jeffrey was Carlyle's most important connection. He brought out Carlyle in the *Edinburgh* while Carlyle labored at "Sartor." In 1830, when the situation of the Carlyles was particularly exiguous, Jeffrey pressed Carlyle to accept an annuity of 100 pounds from him. Carlyle quite properly declined it—but with something less than the grace one would expect in the face of such generosity. But in 1834 he did apply to Jeffrey for the post of astronomer at Edinburgh, and was promptly and rightly refused, for his qualifications for the position were slender indeed. This incident was magnified and misinterpreted by Froude, says Mr. Wilson, though it is true that it imposed thereafter a certain restraint upon their intercourse, and one which was never entirely lifted. Jeffrey did not think Carlyle fitted for the professorship and Carlyle did—that is the heart of the matter; and Jeffrey ventured to go even farther. He lectured Carlyle upon his arrogance!

It is because Mr. Wilson's volume of biography presents not only Carlyle, but also, for example, so much of this "most tricksy dainty beautiful little Spirit" whose face and eyes "let you look into a higher country," that it is such a full ripe book. For as he does for Lord Jeffrey, so does he also for all who cross the periphery of Carlyle's circle during the years he accounts for here. And so Mr. Wilson works on, quoting Confucius, as befits a Scotch sage who has spent long years beneath Burmese temple bells, and decanting riches of British human nature from many vessels into one. His two volumes issued to date augur well for the third, for each one is compact of wisdom, frailty, humor, and the bouquet of two rare personalities—Thomas Carlyle and Mr. D. A. Wilson.

Mr. Neff's book on "Carlyle and Mill" is valuable not for any quality of independence or originality, for it was written as a thesis at Columbia University, but as a lucid account of the representative and antipodal temperaments of two nineteenth century thinkers. The student of ideas can turn to Mr. Neff with confidence for an authoritative comparison of the intellectual, psychological, social, historical, environmental, political, and human differences between Carlyle and John Stuart Mill. Mr. Neff points up his parallel by erecting an elaborate background of science, economics, philosophy, and politics, touching upon these matters according to his necessities all the way from 1800 to 1880. He closes with a short chapter of academic stalking, in which Carlyle and Mill become "influences" which he observes in Galsworthy, Wells, G. K. Chesterton, William James, Karl Pearson, and John Dewey, each after his own kind. Well, it is a harmless sport, and one eminently satisfactory to the academic committees which made up Mr. Neff's first public.

Where the West Begins

THE DIARY OF A DUDE WRANGLER. By STRUTHERS BURT. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1924. $3.

COWBOYS NORTH AND SOUTH. By WILL JAMES. The same. $3.50.

Reviewed by SIDNEY COX

THE peril of the far west now is a forfeiture of much that is indigenous and aromatic, much that is spacious and adventurous, for the sake of rapidly acquiring the comfort and the job-lot culture of the east. We of this large-scale country are getting rid of crudity and narrowness and becoming complacent in the possession of a flimsy, platitudinous, and highly self-conscious, imported civilization. Most of the imperative pioneering on the physical level having been on the whole creditably accomplished, the descendants and successors of the pioneers are pretending to cherish something of the bold and generous spirit of the old-timers, but showing very faint and feeble inclination to be pioneers on the social and intellectual frontiers.

The two books that I am reviewing are somewhat symbolic of the passing and the incipient civilizations. Will James was until disabled a *bona fide* horse-wrangler and cowboy, daring, skilful, patient, shrewd, and kind in his treatment of animals; an intelligent and generous man. As a writer he is crude. He misspells grossly. He is frequently wrong on tenses, and in the same sentence mixes present and past time incoherently. In relating an episode he shifts from particular to general and back to particular most unceremoniously. And he sometimes displays a cowboy laxness by repeating, or by moving through his subject in an unnecessary zig-zag. But however undisciplined his method, James is nearly always interesting. He writes with sure knowledge and laconic enthusiasm about experiences through which he has proved his manhood, and in which he has found the serenity that often rewards intelligent adventuring. He is thoroughly American, a justifier of those who believe that something sound and fine and lovable is peculiarly American. Will James thinks the old west is being contracted to the unhabitable desert.

Mr. Struthers Burt argues, on the contrary, that the west is not coming to an end. But he writes of persuading cowboys to retain their traditional dress to keep attractiveness to "dudes." And if one can fairly take him as a representative of the thing that's happening in the west his contention is not sustained. I think he must be a good outdoor man. But the differences between the crude cowboy book and the book of the graduate of Princeton who has studied in Germany and at Oxford are mainly in the cowboy's favor.

Mr. Burt is obviously self-conscious in his writing. He strains at many of his descriptions. He sees too much that's "golden"; and he sounds his cadences so carefully at times that he forgets his object. He is eager to philosophize, but most of his epigrams are musty. His defects in writing are not gross and naive like James's; they are the weaknesses of a committed writer. Yet he displays almost no power of omission. He digresses, not to delightful avenues but because there was an opening. And his sentences are often limp and staggering, and even sometimes maimed.

Colorado Morton's Ride

By RIVERS BROWNE AND LEONARD BACON

COLORADO Morton's riding far.
He won't be back with the Circle-Bar.
The Boss he sent him in to town
To ship the last of the longhorns down,
Although he hadn't no business head,
And it was the turn of me or Red.
So Colorado Morton run them brutes,
Down the Dead Horse from the Coyot' Buttes
And three days later delivered them steers
To the Boss's agent, which his name was Beers.
And he was a shiftless no-count clerk
That didn't have nothing to do but shirk.
He says to Colorado, he says: "Old pard,
"Here's a wire for you. You sign the card.
"You pen your cattle, and sit on your tail,
"For the West-bound limited's jumped the rail."
Colorado Morton he read his wire,
Which would make a better man than him perspire.
It wouldn't give no pleasure to you and me.
It come from his sister up in B. C.:
"My husband's hanging, and it should be you
"And God forgive you. Sister Lou."
And she told him where the hanging was at,
Day after termorrer at Medicine Hat.

Colorado Morton hadn't meant no harm.
There was a shindy up at Broken Arm.
Him and his brother-in-law Jim Graeme
Were sitting in at a poker-game,
And a dirty Swede of a lumber-jack
Dealt himself three aces from under the pack.
I never held with the blame Canucks
They sure are a bunch of ornery bucks.
And one thing's certain as Hell. They ain't
Got no respect for a sinner or a saint.
If any killing you happen to have done,
By God they'll hang you, sure as a gun,
Unless you can put it in evidence
The aforesaid killing was in self-defense.
And self-defense is a damn poor name
For a row that started in a poker-game.
Jim Graeme was there you bet your tooting,
But Colorado Morton done the shooting.
Burk Hyne of the mounted police butts in
And the boys skinned out and rode like sin,
And cutting the corners mighty fine,
They just got over the Idaho line.
Jim Graeme fer a month or so he played
Around with the boys till the dust had laid.
But Mort, as soon as he got across,
Settled down punching steers for the Boss.
He done his job like a puncher should.
But the valves in his heart weren't never no good.
And he used to pant in the mountain air,
And he used to cuss, and he used to swear.
And whenever his pony would buck or jump,
His heart would hammer, and his heart would thump.
But just the same old Mort was a star,
And the best horse-wrangler in the Circle-Bar.

Now Mort when he read that telegram through,
He sure was a puzzled buckeroo.
He says to Beers: "You son of a gun
"Why didn't you send it to me on the run?
"You send me a wire to Medicine Hat,
"And tell 'em I'm coming and that is that."
And Beers he answers: "The wires is down,
"And ye can't get a telegram out of town."
"My God," says Morton, "They'll hang poor Jim.
"If he is Lou's husband, I'm fond of him.
"I do not savvy a job of this style,
"And it's every inch of two hundred mile."
And Beers he says: "It's one Hell of a ride.
"You'll never make it, and you'll hang beside."
But Colorado Morton he says: "Good night!
All I care is are the cinches tight."

And away he gallops up the yaller hill,
While his heart it hammered and his heart stood still.
That doggone cayuse was a good mustang.
And he must have figured that his boss would hang
But anyhow he ate up the flat,
Stretching away for Medicine Hat.
That doggone cayuse was doggone tired
When they hit the border beyond Fort Bayard.
The sweat was running on every hair,
And it didn't do Mort no good to swear.
Men will keep going on their nerve or their head,
But you cannot ride a horse when he's dead.
And Colorado Morton couldn't ride
That doggone cayuse after it died.
And there he was on the edge of the snow,
With a hundred and twenty miles to go.
But he looks and he sees a camp-fire shine

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A thousand feet below timber-line.
And he says: "I'll hump it down and see,
"If those blighters will lend a horse to me.
"If they haven't a pony, I guess I'm stung
"And poor Jim Graeme is due to get hung.
"Which upon my honor he never should
"With me alive and the hanging so good."
And down he come while the night was falling,
Down the side of the cañon, slipping and crawling.
And he seed a red jacket hanging on the pole,
And it was the mounted police patrol,
And he seed the yaller chevron shine.
It was Mr. Mounted Policeman Hyne.
And "Hyne," says Morton, "Jimmy Graeme
"Is going to swing for that poker game.
"You come in late, and you never seed
"That I was the guy that shot the Swede.
"My doggone Cayuse's tire's gone flat.
"And I got to get to Medicine Hat.
"I got to get there tomorrer by one,
"Or he'll hang at two as sure as a gun."
And Hyne he says: "Well I'll be shot.
"You sure must like Jim Graeme a lot.
"Climb on my buckskin and hit the trail
"And my very best wishes when you get to jail."
"And Mort," he says, "By the Perkins Slough
"There's a horse-herd will be some use to you.
"There's a salt-lick there, and my buck's no count.
"And if he plays out you can catch a mount.
"I'll give you supper here, if you like.
"But if you don't, then for God's sake hike."

That yaller buckskin he played up fine.
He wasn't no count in spite of Hyne.
He slid down the hill as smooth as a tile,
And over the flat for sixty mile.
But sixty mile is the end of power,
When a horse goes eighteen miles an hour.
And when he come to the Perkins Slough,
Mort picked up a horse-trail spandy-new.
And all alone 'neath the morning-star
The best horse-wrangler of the Circle-Bar
Caught the bunch in a cotton-wood tangle,
And wrangled the last horse he'd ever wrangle.
I seen the brute later, and I've heard tell
His sire was a stud-horse in the teams of Hell—
A four-year old stallion built like a crane,
Thin as a spit of the Bad Lands rain.
His bones stuck out all over his ribs.
That horse wan't nothing but hocks and ribs.
But I know horses, and I'll tell you this:
A thin devil's worse than a fat devil is.
He wouldn't do nothing but stand on his ear,
And buck and sidewind, and pitch, and rear.
Colorado Mort got pretty well plastered,
But somehow or other he beat that bastard.
Now I seen Vampa doing his dance,
But Vampa to him wan't a circumstance.
He was young, and friendly, and tender, and true
Beside that beast in the Perkins Slough.
Colorado Mort was hard to pile.
It was one long sidewind for sixty mile.
It was hammer and slam, and crash and pound,
And a buck at every hole in the ground.
And the big jack-rabbits streaked over the level,
As they seed a man come riding the Devil,
Riding the Devil, and standing pat
All the way into Medicine Hat.
Colorado Morton stuck to that tramp,
Like an extra-special-delivery stamp.
And at quarter to twelve, as bold as brass,
Sidewound in "The City of Natural Gas."
And he come to the Judge, and "Judge," says he
"About this Broken Arm shiveree.
"Them witnesses is a lousy breed,
"For I was the guy that shot the Swede."
The judge looks up in a casual way:
'You say you shot him? The Hell you say!"
"Yes," says Mort, "If it's all the same,
"You'd better hang me instead of Jim Graeme"
And his heart it hammered, and his heart it hopped,
And he said, "I got here," and his blame heart
stopped.
That judge was always a square old porpoise.
He issued a writ of Habeas Corpus,
Which wasn't no good, because Jim Graeme
Got shot next week in a poker-game.
And everyone said it was tough on Lou
To lose her brother and her husband too.
The mounted police thought Mort was a sport,
And they all chipped in for a stone for Mort.
And they cut this epitaph on the stone:
"He travels the farthest who travels alone."
Alone he travelled, and he travelled far.
He won't be back with the Circle-Bar.

The Bowling Green

The Constant Nymph

BEFORE me is a newspaper photograph of her; great ropes taut round her waist and under her armpits; lashed to the wrecking company's derrick like the skipper's daughter on the Hesperus, or Andromeda on her rocky jut. She is coming down today; and New York University is the only Perseus who has volunteered to rescue this Constant Nymph.

The day Diana came down from the tower of Madison Square Garden something went away from New York. It is foolish to grumble about saying goodbye to anything we love. The Technique of Saying Goodbye is one of the great unwritten poems. But for me she will always leave, like Mr. Markham's pine-tree, an empty place against the sky.

* * *

The day Diana came down all continued in its usual course. In the slack morning hours people were riding in the subway, picking up jettisoned newspapers to pass away the time. The Berengaria turned her great nose toward sea. Editors were busy sending back MSS, with courteous letters explaining why the poems were unavailable. One of these editors happened to tell me that he was stiff all over from a day spent in his garden, planting laurel. (Planting laurel! Exactly what an editor should be doing, I thought.) Six-cylinder cars were making that magnificent rich droning hum as they shifted into second speed. (Only a man who is just driving six-cylinders for the first time knows how splendid that sound is. Yes: Dame Quickly has a younger brother: his name in Dean Swift. The new Everyman edition of the "Journal to Stella" is carried in one of his door-pockets as a talisman. We hitch our wagon to Stella.) Between the acts of great plays—such as "Rosmersholm"—people talked busily to avert the painful impact of thought. In the 34th Street region gross terraces of building stood magnificently in soft blue air. A new anthology of poems was published—Burton Stevenson's "Home Book of Modern Verse." A book so fascinating that in spite of its eleven hundred pages I could not resist toting it round with me all day, to read on the train and in the subway. For, absurdly enough, I felt that the publication of that book was the consolation, the counterpoise, to Diana's come-down. Eros is gone from Piccadilly Circus, Diana is gone from Madison Square, but at least in poetry-books the gods still live. No one shall tip them the black spot.

* * *

The day Diana came down something went away from New York. I don't know just what; no one can say. Whatever it was, it could only be suggested in verse. A friend of mine told me that he is taking singing lessons, because, he said, You can say so many things in singing that you couldn't possibly utter in ordinary speech. There never was a truer word. In an anthology like Mr. Stevenson's (a codicil to his fat and famous "Home Book of Verse") you can find out what people are really thinking about. The world has long since agreed that in poetry you may say what you mean; no one is offended at poetry. It is only in prose that you must be wary. It is like the old saying (Joseph Conrad makes a splendidly urbane reference to it somewhere) about one man being able to steal a horse without scandal, whereas another may not even look wistfully at a halter. But it is true (Conrad adds) that some people have a particularly irritating way of gazing at halters. This is true also of the horse called Pegasus.

* * *

The day Diana came down something went away. I suppose that some day I may see her again at New York University, but I would almost rather not. For me she must always live in that particular eddy of sky that hangs above Madison Square. When it has to be done, I can say goodbye with the rest of them. But there's no law against my thinking of the old house on Madison Avenue (gone also) where three young men once lived with causeless merriment and regarded Diana as their patron deity. They would be as chaste and lofty as herself; offensive to their decent minds were the rumors of stag-parties associated with the goddess. What did she mean to them? Who could say? Perhaps they felt, dumbly, that scheme life as you will, intersperse it with jocular palaver and consoling hurry, there remains above all the fierce principle of beauty, the untamed goddess of the hunt, pursuing the wild animals of desire with her sharp arrow of reason. And yet she never shoots her arrow. Ah, how that bothered those meditative young men! And a later generation of bipeds, the balloon-trousered squires of N. Y. U., will probably brood the same awkward analogue. What, meanwhile, has become of the winged mischief of Piccadilly Circus? As I remember him he was not aiming a never-to-be-shot-off dart. He was skipping on the very tiptoe of exultant malice: he had actually sped the shaft. As Eros, of course, would have; everyone knows how much more hasty they are on the incontinent of Europe. One could imagine the prickling wand transpiercing someone in that throng; yes, even some hale and fresh-bathed Briton, in silk hat and morning coat, trembling with that naughty fixture in his breast. Or better still: some docile young American, hastening through the Circus, who suddenly found the daintily-feathered shaft stuck right through him. How he implored the door-man at the Trocadero to pull it out, and the latter thought him surprisingly tight for so early in the afternoon. How he dodged zigzag through the crowd, to avoid poking his awkward skewer into other people. My advice to that young man would be to hurry to George Santayana and beg him to pluck it out.—Or suppose this had happened to Henry James? Perhaps that is exactly what *did* happen to Henry James; he had to stand off a bit from the world lest people should see his arrow.—I must look up the legend of Saint Sebastian.—I wonder if they're going to put the Piccadilly Eros in Oxford? Perhaps on top of the Martyrs' Memorial, traditionally crowned with instruments of a very different nature.

* * *

The day Diana came down something went away from New York. Some little shuddering pang of loveliness and loneliness, something that I hear sometimes between the strident jangles of a street-organ tune or in the voices of ships in the river. Perhaps I'm glad they've taken her away; it is good to have beautiful things near you for a while, and then lose them, for only so (I suppose) can you be properly disciplined. Only so (again, perhaps) can you remember that men write poetry for other reasons than because *dust* rhymes with *thrust* and *star* with *far*. The day she went away things went on much as usual. The traffic beacons twinkled in unison up and down Fifth Avenue, the great tide of cars (six cylinders) carried "women of the better class" (see Oliver Herford's gorgeous poem, p. 537 of Burton Stevenson's anthology) about their delightful mundanities, Congreve and Ibsen taught contemporary playwrights that neither lust nor chastity were entirely post-war inventions. No more shall I see her distant grace against heaven, tightening her arrow toward a rising moon, threatening our thick air with her gay pagan archery. Perhaps, near at hand, she was not beautiful at all.

Since writing the above I have walked up Fourth Avenue and seen her with the workmen round her, about to lower her from the skeleton remnant of her tower. Madison Square was black with Actæons. I dare say they were making ribald jokes; but worse than that a Life Insurance Company had attached its initialed house-flag to her. I was glad O. Henry, who loved her, was not there to see. Yet there are always various interpretations. Perhaps the life insurers intended the flag to drape round her and shield her as she descended. But I can't help thinking that her sister of Ephesus had the more glorious fate. I wished there had been some Zoning Law to forbid those great ropes so tight about her lovely waist.

* * *

The day Diana came down something went away from New York. There was no multitude all with one voice crying out Great is Diana of the Manhattans. But the arrow she never shot sticks in my heart.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Samuel L. Munson of Albany, N. Y., has given to the Antiquarian Society of Worcester, Mass., his extensive collection of almanacs, frequently referred to by collectors as the largest private collection in this country of its kind. The society will retain all almanacs not in its own large collection, and these, it is estimated, will amount to upwards of 4,000 issues.

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Books of Special Interest

Folk-Lore

FOLK SONGS OF THE SOUTH. Collected Under the Auspices of the West Virginia Folk Lore Society. Edited by JOHN HARRINGTON COX. Cambridge; Harvard University Press. 1925. $5.

LEGENDS OF TEXAS. Edited by J. FRANK DOBIE. Publications of the Texas Folk Lore Society. Austin: University of Texas Press. 1924.

Reviewed by JOHN BENNETT.

THE most valuable portion of the collections of the West Virginia Folk Lore Society, in permanent form, part of the record of the survival of British balladry in America, excellently indexed, fully annotated; a volume welcome to everyone in any way interested in the modern survival of folk-song.

One should accompany Mr. Cox's volume with Kephardt's "Our Southern Highlanders," Campbell and Sharp's "English Folk-Songs of the Southern Appalachians," and Wyman and Brockway's "Lonesome Tunes from the Kentucky Mountains;" after reading which the reader, not already a student of folk-song, will be.

The title assumes more than the volume comprises; "Folk Songs of the South" has a comprehensive implication the content does not sustain; it were better explicit, "Folk Song of West Virginia." The book is a district anthology, all that any one volume can be at best, and should assume no more; the title suggests a thesaurus . . . reminds one of the rare "Slave Songs of the United States, Seaboard, Inland, and Gulf," all from Southern States, not from all of them, only nine from inland, and more than half from Hilton Head.

Under the more restricted claim the book is rich with one hundred and eighty-five folk-songs and ballads, and twenty-six airs edited by Lydia I. Hinkel; West Virginia variants of the warp of song which stretches from Maine to California, Georgia to Oregon, with a few return threads registering western reflexes of trans-Mississippi ballads like "Jo Bowers," and cowboy songs from the southwest.

Apart from its slightly misleading title the volume is admirable. It possibly gives undue prominence here and there to material the value of which is problematical; some songs one confidently expects are absent, presuming access on the reader's part to inaccessible records; it includes several songs vitiated as folk-song by too recent access to printed sources; and some effusions such as could never have been, in any true sense of the term, folk-song. "Immortal Washington;" and, as Virginian folk-song, texts no one ever heard sung, even corruptly, by the folk of the districts from which they are reported. "The Braes of Yarrow" and "Bonnie House of Airlie," in perfect Scots dialect, "learned from" an ephemeral Scotchwoman within twenty years past, can hardly be considered folk-song of West Virginia.

But by far the greater number are genuine folk-song, and old British ballads known round the world, here singularly preserved and singularly changed. There are, beside them, ballad and song having no old-world originals, native to the place where they first saw the light: together a valuable record.

Traditional folk-song and music lie like like a web of patterned homespun athwart the United States, a song-warp across a nation, swung westward by the pioneers. The beam was the Atlantic coast, from Maine to Florida; the threads were from Ireland, England, Scotland, Wales; the colors primitive, original, racial, often strangely beautiful. The first American variant patterns were set on the Atlantic seaboard; they crossed the continent, march on march, on the trail of the pioneers, constantly changing from point to point, in spots of local color, and variants like new patterns stamped bright on the old threads. Words were altered, lines changed, stanzas dropped and combined, incidents twisted, plots reversed, and local applications given to old themes. Every settlement had its singer, human shuttle, dye-pot, bobbins, and yarn; each creek, each lonely range, each cove of the lonesome hills, had its own pattern and variants, colored with its own madder, and stamped upon the original web like a calico design.

New ballads native to mountain coves, variants of old song, arose; fresh threads were thrust up through the moving warp, and went singing across the continent, strangely persisting, oddly changed, until worn to mere shreds of remembrance, unrecognizable rags.

Transverse trade-paths, wagon-trails, and travel produced cross-threaded patterns entangled beyond analysis. Hardly a singer but somehow altered set and color, words and air; the more virile the singer the more striking the variant. Along main-traveled ways passed the ineradicable strain of long-persisting song. The "Hog Drovers' Play," from Howard Gap road, with its extraordinary fine air, may be heard as far west as Illinois; but the heart-break in the air of "In the Pines" I have heard nowhere but just where I found it.

Folk-song may be studied in any remote spot, as has been done in West Virginia; the relative value of the spot, and its part in the great web can be estimated only by comparison with the patterns elsewhere stamped on the flying warp.

Collections in West Virginia began in 1913, a comparatively late date. There was no time to spare. Singers and song have faded away with dismaying rapidity before rural free delivery, the victrola, and the inroads of education; grandsons and daughters of other-day ballad-singers, at college and in college glee-clubs, bring home late airs, new music, new instruments, ukelele, mandolin, and guitar, forget or disdain the old music; the old man lays his blessed fiddle upon the shelf forever; unless, some Sunday morning, when the God-fearing are at church, one may persuade him to take it down and recover for an hour the songs and airs of sixty years ago, which he had then from father and grandfather, and they in their time no less remotely learned. Sung and played from Peacock Alley, Turkey Creek, to Galileo Blackwell's on Green River, from Stoney Lonesome to Big Hungry, their day is done; the collector must make haste.

I have been in at the death-song of a mountain ballad-singer, the death-end of mountain-music, when, calling in, with "Smiling Jim," at the home of an old-time mountain fiddler, who had his tunes from his grandfather, "back in Horse-Shoe Cove," we found that the old-time fiddler had fetched from town a second-hand dictograph, had cut in on the electric light-and-power line which came down the long cove from the dam behind his cabin, and was "making him records" of the airs he had learned when he was young, sixty years before, and of airs of his own device dear to the fiddler's heart, that the coming generation, "whut fiddles no mo', mought know I were a fiddler right, in my time, that ne'er one on the hills mought better!"

So my ears are set to ringing by this book, with melancholy airs and lively melodies, simple sentiments, crude humor, and rude, barbaric themes . . . airs not heard for fifty years save in the mountains of West Virginia, or down the long ranges of North Carolina, where dulcimore, fiddle, and banjo are still to be heard in deep green coves and lonely cabins.

Volumes as excellently done as this, and containing so much, are welcome to everyone interested in American folk-song, or the balladry of the Southern Appalachians.

Mr. Dobie's Texas folk-legend volume recalls Janvier's "Legends of Old Mexico City," without their literary touch. Here are one hundred wild legends, of outlaws, desperadoes, pirates, Strap Buckner to Sam Bass and Jean Lafitte, headless horsemen, lost slave-ships, ill-fated lovers, the Pope's ghost, Spanish gold, conquestadors' silver, buried treasure, lost mines, haunted caches, a new legend of the fate of beautiful Theodosia Burr, legends of the origin of Texas flowers, names, and streams: a very mine of Texas lore.

All the best-known legends of Texas are presented here, except those of the Alamo and missions of San Antonio elsewhere accessible, tales from the Llano and San Saba country, of the south as far as Brownsville, of the west to Guadaloupe Mountains, of the north against Red River, and of the east and south-central ranges.

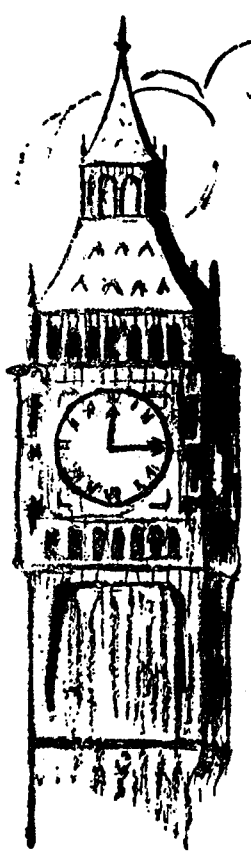
No attempt is made by Professor Dobie to compare these legends of Texas with those of other lands, but simply to class and relate the legends to each other and to the cultural history of the State; they are given indigenous statement only.

Perhaps a majority of the legends current among white Texans are derived from other races; but from Professor Dobie's volume, with few exceptions, and for reason, legends not resident among

(*Continued on next page*)

JUST OUT

Virginia Woolf's



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George Edward Woodberry

By JOHN ERSKINE
Columbia University

THE seventieth birthday of Mr. George Edward Woodberry on May 12th was the occasion of tributes from his former students and from his friends at large in the world of scholarship and letters. His achievements as poet, scholar, critic, and teacher are extraordinary, even if judged by the standard of other busy lives, and the quality of all his work is his own. On his graduation from Harvard in 1877 he was made Professor of English at the University of Nebraska, where he remained till 1882. His stay in the West gave him a sympathy with the coming America less common in his youth than it has since grown to be. He was altogether of New England himself, of generations of those Massachusetts seamen who were used to adventure and had a sense of other lands. His students in the later years at Columbia University remember how constantly he tried to open their minds and increase their sympathies for the world at large, and especially, toward the new America, the possible America, which should be not New England nor the South, nor exclusively Anglo-Saxon, but an amalgamation of energies and ideals.

After 1882 Mr. Woodberry devoted himself to critical writing and to poetry, contributing chiefly to the *Nation* and to the *Atlantic Monthly*. The series of fine essays which he published as "Studies in Letters and Life", 1890, began his reputation as critic. "The North Shore Watch and Other Poems", also 1890, established his name as a poet. The title poem in its earlier form, privately printed, had already won recognition from poets on both sides the Atlantic, and this book is now one of the treasures of American bibliography which collectors look for. In 1885 appeared his "Life of Poe" in the American Men of Letters Series, probably the first thoroughly competent biography of any American writer. Something has since been added to our knowledge of Poe, but Mr. Woodberry's biography keeps its distinction as a superb example of the discovery and the use of original sources, and a careful reconstruction of a much debated life. For the American Men of Letters Series Mr. Woodberry also wrote the beautiful "Life of Hawthorne" (1902), and for the English Men of Letters Series the "Life of Emerson" (1907). In 1892 he made what remains the best American edition of Shelley—the poet whom he loves best and who most has influenced him.

In his biographical writing Mr. Woodberry combines the equipment of the scholar with a poet's imagination and with a rare prose style. The "Life of Hawthorne" is a work of art which for spiritual insight and haunting atmosphere may safely challenge comparison with Hawthorne's own work. As critic Mr. Woodberry is sometimes said to carry on the Lowell tradition, but whoever makes the remark shows himself no judge of critics. Mr. Woodberry is nearer to Walter Pater, if one looks for resemblances, but it is best to relate him simply to his own experiences and to his own genius. His many years of travel abroad, chiefly in Italy, his wide acquaintance with European literatures, especially Greek, Latin, and Italian, and his personal contacts with modern writers on the continent, increased in him a naturally cosmopolitan sympathy such as Lowell never had. Lowell knew foreign tongues, he had lived abroad, he could pass a brilliant judgment on a foreign writer; Mr. Woodberry can interpret the foreigner. The great essay on Virgil, the unique study of Taormina, the Defense of Poetry, are such writing as few men could do, and no one else hitherto in America.

Those who relate Mr. Woodberry's criticism to Lowell, often add that his poetry is Tennysonian. A reading of Tennyson and of Mr. Woodberry would disperse the idea. The "North Shore Watch" has a good deal of Shelley in it, and "Agathon," one of his finest early poems, suggests the Milton of "Comus" and of "Samson Agonistes," curiously blended. But even the early poems have the note of a strong personality, and in the famous Gibraltar sonnets, and in "Wild Eden," the point of view, the tone and the verse music are Mr. Woodberry and nobody else. It would be easier to find parallels in Europe than in America to this kind of exquisite lyric during the last two decades. With a return to the poetry of sound, after our exclusive preoccupation with visual images, the importance of such a book as "Wild Eden" will be clear enough.

From '89 to 1904 Mr. Woodberry taught poetry at Columbia, and exercised over the students, graduate and undergraduate, a spell which is hard to match in the history of education. He had the miraculous gift of making poetry alive and attractive to large masses of fairly average boys. Some of his students were, of course, temperamentally interested in literature, but he made poetry a subject of importance to the college as a whole. He accomplished this with no tricks of oratory, and with no pretense at eloquence. In the class-room he made no concession to the supposed crude intelligence of his hearers, but simply gave the best he had, in discussing the masters of whom he assumed, as it seems correctly, that to know them is to love them. Outside the class-room he saw few of his boys, and made no effort to build up a familiar popularity. Yet his influence, so austerely exerted, seemed and still seems a personal one, and hundreds of men think of his birthday with gratitude and hold him in honor.

Folk-Lore

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Texans of white skin and English speech have been omitted; unassimilated Mexican legends, negro tales, and Indian folk-story have been ruled out.

Nearly two score contributed to the volume: Forty-Niners, Confederate soldiers, Army officers, Texas Rangers, Spanish Translators for the State, students of Indian life, newspaper-men, horn-hunters, naturalists, old-time plains-people, ballad-writers and scholars, students, teachers, cowboys, tramps, treasure-hunters, librarians, ranchers, archaeologists, anthropologists, lawyers, business-men, and veteran poets like John Sjolander.

Prof. Dobie spent more than three years riding horseback into remote places, talking with people, searching Texas, assisted by students and faculty members of the University of Texas, and by Bertha McKee Dobie, his wife.

Texas magazines, and books of history, fiction, biography, and travel have been pretty thoroughly sifted; but Mr. Dobie knows that the source of folk-legend is the folk themselves. Excellent legends recently printed in papers and books have not been included, as easily accessible elsewhere.

Original Spanish and Mexican documentary sources may give new material; Texas newspapers would come first as printed sources of additional legendary lore; these have been but dipped into. Further research may establish relationships, origins, courses, give definitive bibliography. The volume is, however, an excellent preface to a vast uncompleted work; for Texas is almost a virgin field for the student of folk-legend and lore.

The several quaint charts add a graphic touch to the legends of buried treasure.

The Salad Bowl

I had been invited to a literary supper at the house of a New York hostess who collects lions, lionesses, and cubs. The seat next to mine was vacant. When the supper had progressed pleasantly for half an hour, the door was thrown open, and in marched rather a large, formidable woman with an assured smile and no apology for being late. She took the seat next to mine, and at once usurped the conversation, readily and animatedly. I listened with delight, and wondered who she might be. I began to put questions to her, mainly about poetry, which she answered slightly, with half her intelligence. After a rebuff more pointed than the others, I said suddenly, "I believe you are Miss Amy Lowell." She flashed her handsome eyes upon me and said "Who the hell did you think I was?"

When we retired to the withdrawing room, she gathered herself upon a couch like Madame Récamier, took a cigar from her reticule, and talked vigorously and delightfully for the rest of the evening.

—*C. Lewis Hind*, in *The Sphere, London.*

If our modern education, in its better efforts, really conveys idealising power, it does so oftenest by truant reading.—*Marius the Epicurean*, chapter 4.

"A New Scott Fitzgerald Emerges" from

The Great Gatsby

Wm. Rose Benét in the Saturday Review:
"Reveals thoroughly matured craftsmanship. It has structure. It has high occasions of felicitous, almost magic phrase. . . . Perhaps you have gathered that we like the book. We do. It is written with concision and precision and mastery of material."

Laurence Stallings in the New York World:
"If you are interested in the American novel, this is a book for your list. . . . The talent is here aplenty; the erratic streak is curbed; the impudence takes on the civilized urbanity of the man at ease in art."

Alexander Woolcott in the New York Sun:
"New and striking and fine, rebuttal evidence aplenty that Scott Fitzgerald had a clear and seeing eye in his head when he was loitering on post-war Long Island, of which the book is a vivid, crystalline picture. I put it down with a new and profound respect for its astonishing author."

Fanny Butcher in the Chicago Tribune:
"Proves that Scott Fitzgerald is a writer and not just a man of one book. . . . As different from his other two books as experience is from innocence."

H. L. Mencken in the Baltimore Sun:
"It is a quite new Fitzgerald who emerges. . . . The qualities he shows are dignified and solid. . . . There are pages . . . full of little delicacies, charming turns of phrase, penetrating second thoughts."

Llewellyn Jones in the Chicago Evening Post:
"F. Scott Fitzgerald has got his second wind, and the people who were dolefully shaking their heads over him some time ago are going to be fooled."

Isabel Paterson in the New York Herald-Tribune:
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Paris Book Notes

By Louise Morgan Sill

THERE is at present a gratifying number of worth-while books, and French literary activity is astonishing. Among the most important is Albert Thibaudet's three studies of Baudelaire, Fromentin (author of "Domenique"), and Amiel, grouped under the title "Intérieurs" (Plon). M. Thibaudet, regarded by many as perhaps the leading French critic, a writer of universal spirit, the most open intelligence and finest sensibility, has deemed it necesary to defend Baudelaire—who is now very widely read—from many years of misunderstanding. The study of Amiel is probably the best in the book. "M. Thibaudet has seen everything, explained everything in Amiel with a sympathy so profound that it consoles us for the non-comprehension of so many superficial minds," says Edmond Jaloux.

Another critic of high value, who brings foreign literature to the knowledge of French readers, M. Valery Larbaud (author of "Barnabooth"), publishes "Ce Vice impuni, la Lecture" (Messein), which he begins with a witty essay on readers and reading, and completes with studies of the work of Henley, Coventry Patmore, Francis Thompson, and Arnold Bennett. Larbaud is a disciple of Sainte-Beuve inasmuch as he seeks in a man's life the motives of his work, and enriches his critical faculty with human values.

The movement called "Surréalisme" is slowly gaining ground with a certain set of young writers of talent avid of spiritual liberty and a more complete self-expression. André Breton has published his "Manifeste du Surréalisme" (Kra), Louis Aragon his "Vague de Rèves" (Hors Commerce), and Robert Desnos his "Deuil pour Deuil" (Kra). These books are all interesting to anyone curious about new developments. The idea underlying "surréalisme" is the production in written form of those subconscious, dream-like visions which lie at the source of all poetry—instantaneous photographs, as it were, of so-called crude fancies—the pure child-mind reported spontaneously. The result of this conception is to bring together images and visions which have no apparent interrelation, but produce a shock of emotion. "Dictée de la pensée, en l'absence de tout contrôle exercé par la raison, en dehors de toute preoccupation esthétique ou morale," says Breton in his manifesto. Here is an example, at random, from "Poisson soluble," which follows the manifesto. "Un noyau éclate dans un fruit. Puis le poisson-nacelle passe, les mains sur ses yeux, demandant des perles ou des robes." Breton explains that Guillaume Apollinaire had "the letter but not the spirit of 'surréalisme." The production of this group, however talented, will appeal to an even smaller public than that of poets, and the outlook for their success in convincing a self-satisfied and obstinate world, to express it mildly, seems slight.

The Duchesse de Clermont-Tonnerre has written a very delightful little book on "Robert de Montesquiou et Marcel Proust" (Flammarion), both of whom she knew for many years and appreciated, each in his own way. It is astonishing to read that Montesquiou wrote volumes and volumes of prose and verse which are now scarcely ever mentioned. Rich, eccentric, a dandy and man about town, his character emerges from Madame de Clermont-Tonnerre's reminiscences with singular effect. It was through his social influence that Proust came into contact with the aristocratic world where, as he seemed to feel instinctively, his work was to be done. In the course of time the friends were more or less alienated. Proust was an invalid, eventually confined to his room, unable even to breathe normally, but working continuously, and his slow but sure success evoked Montesquiou's envy. The idea that the character of the Baron de Charlus was based on that of Montesquiou is evident, but we have Proust's authority, in a letter published in the present volume, for the statement that his personages were composed from several models. There are many first-hand facts respecting Proust which enrich the value of Madame de Clermont-Tonnerre's book, and it is charming to read.

From time to time unpublished works of Victor Hugo appear, edited and published by M. Gustave Simon, the poet's executor. In addition, a little book has just come out, "Hommage à Victor Hugo" (Goulet), consisting of unpublished madrigals, thoughts, travel notes, etc., assembled and well commented by Pierre Paraf, nephew of M. Simon. Some of these pieces were found among the papers of Georges Hugo, grandson of the poet, who has recently died. Georges Hugo was an artist of no mean talent. His son Jean has decorated and illustrated a small volume of Paul Morand's entitled "Les Amis Nouveaux" (Au Sans Pareil).

Another hitherto unpublished volume, full of interest, is the "Cahiers Intimes Inédits" (Aux Editeurs Associés) of Marie Bashkirtseff.

Bernard Fay, whose recent works "L'Esprit Révolutionnaire en France et aux Etats-Unis à la Fin du XVIII Siècle" (Champion) and "Bibliographie Critique des Ouvrages Français Relatifs aux Etats-Unis (1770-1800)," will be of such valuable aid to students of Franco-American history, has also just published a "Panorama de la Littérature Contemporaine" (Kra).

M. Pierre Lasserre has devoted twelve years to the study of Ernest Renan. His "La Jeunesse d'Ernest Renan" (Garnier Frères) now appears in two volumes with the sub-title: "Histoire de la Crise Religieuse en France au XIX Siècle." Volume III will appear later on. This work is valuable for students of the modern development of religious thought. Renan's personal experience represents in a way the religious crises of our times, as well as those of several centuries past. As M. Lasserre says: "What happened in the young mind of Renan during four years reproduced, phase by phase, what had happened during three centuries to most of the intellectual *élite* of the occident." This author had previously published "Renan et Nous."

A literary event has been the almost simultaneous appearance of two books by Charles Maurras, "Barbarie et Poésie, Ier partie. Vers un Art Intellectuel" (E. Champion), and "La Musique Intérieure" (Grasset). The immensely influential writings of this author have been chiefly published in reviews and journals. Here we have many of his important critical articles, and his poetry. But this statement does not give a just idea of the worth of the books. One critic goes so far as to say that French literature would not be what it is today had Maurras not existed. He restored "reason and health," he fought the fight for "intelligent taste" against morbid forms of romanticism. "Barbarie et Poésie" will be followed by three other volumes under the general title "Vers un Art Intellectuel."

The recent publication of Francois Mauriac's new novel "Le Désert l'Amour" (Grasset), has confirmed the admiration of his admirers, though some of them still await his masterpiece. The story exemplifies the characteristic human difficulty of finding satisfaction in "love." A doctor, living in Bordeaux, has a wife whose domestic fidelity does not prevent her being a bore, a son to whom he does not know how to talk, a daughter who has married a man he detests and lives with her family in her father's home. Visiting professionally a young woman of doubtful reputation, Maria Cross, he is subjugated by her fascination and dreams of her while outwardly living an irreproachable family and professional life. There is no response from the young woman, and his love begins and ends in his timid dream; but his son, just entering manhood, meets the same woman by accident and, of a different fiber from his father, makes crude advances which are disdainfully repulsed. The study of these two men and the woman, who is of weak rather than evil nature, is profound. The scenes in the doctor's provincial family are done with the acid of an etcher, with the quality of a Balzac, but with infinitely more condensation. No one reading Mauriac's "Genitrix" could have doubted the writer's power, but it was a short tale, with very few characters. "Le Désert de l'Amour" is somewhat ampler. One has more confidence in Mauriac because he holds himself aloof from the many literary intrigues and combinations which infest the writer's career in Paris. In fact, the bestowal of prizes has, generally speaking, long ceased to influence the judgment of discriminating readers.

André Gide's new novel, "Les Faux Monnayeurs," is appearing serially in *La Nouvelle Revue Française*. Gide has announced that he considers this his first real novel, and the preceding ones merely essays in the *genre*. He has been selling off 350 of the 3500 books in his library which, it was said, were the works of certain of his friends who turned their backs to him on the publication of his novel "Corydon." Gide has explained that he is selling not only their books but those of various other people with whom he has quarelled, such as Henri de Regnier, Francis Jammes, etc. This method may solve the problem of how to regulate the growth of private libraries.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

ACTORS AND OTHERS. By *Roland Young*. Covici.

REMBRANT. By *E. V. Lucas*. Doran.

CHARDIN AND VIGEE LEBRUN. By *E. V. Lucas*. Doran.

MICHAEL ANGELO. By *E. V. Lucas*. Doran.

Belles Lettres

SUPERLATIVES. By GRANT C. KNIGHT. Knopf. 1925. $2.

This is a series of essays on characters in English fiction—The Most Terrible, The Most Humorous, etc. Its purpose, as stated in the foreword, is to interest undergraduates in outstanding characters of English and American fiction, and to this purpose it is an adequate contribution. The ten essays are obviously lectures given by Professor Knight, and suffer under the handicaps which cramp all printed lectures, and which are inseparable from all superlatives; they seem, in print, far more didactic than they probably did from the platform, where their *obiter dicta* would have been modified by class discussion. It is refreshing to find Diana of the Crossways attacked as The Most Unreal, but it is doubtful if this attack will advance the purpose of the book by interesting students in George Meredith. It might, of course, accomplish its end by galvanizing the opposition to magisterial opinion which is—and should be—characteristic of all intelligent college classes. With this single exception, Professor Grant seems to have hit the mark at which he aims.

WALT WHITMAN: A Study and a Selection. By GERALD BULLETT. Lippincott. 1925. $7.50.

Handsome in its typographical dress, Mr. Bullett's selection of a dozen poems by Whitman is preceded by an admirable, concise study of the poet's life and work. The most debated, as probably the most misunderstood of American writers, Whitman is unaccountably neglected by a generation which appears to have assimilated his ideas and his æsthetic without consciousness of their source. "The proof of a poet," he wrote, "shall be sternly deferred till his country absorbs him as affectionately as he absorbed it." For that final proof Whitman still waits as, indeed, he prophesied.

Mr. Bullett happily spares us any discussion of Whitman's "Americanism," an obvious topic upon which much has been written already and very little worth saying has been said. Instead, he devotes himself chiefly to discussion of the effect of Whitman's poetry upon the reader, to analysis of its intention, and to an estimate of its achievement and failure in terms of that intention. The whole value of his essay lies in this service of mediation. It brings us no new information regarding Whitman, but it prepares the mood in which to read him.

With Mr. Bullett's conclusion that Whitman was neither consciously nor primarily an artist, it is possible to differ. Like many other critics, he is deceived by Whitman's rapturous utterance into believing him a mystical visionary, forgetting that Whitman's mystical ecstasies were grounded in a logical, almost scientific, materialism. And he fails to perceive that Whitman's philosophy, rather than his technical equipment as a poet, conditioned the æsthetic defects as well as the æsthetic achievements of his work. To dismiss Whitman as not a conscious artist is scarcely fair to a poet who reflected so profoundly upon the theory of his art.

SUBTLE SHINING SECRECIES. By *William Stone Booth*. Boston: Walter H. Baker.

GLAMOUR. By *Stark Young*. Scribners. $2.

DRAMATIC VALUES. By *C. E. Montague*. Doubleday, Page. $2 net.

THE COMIC SPIRIT IN RESTORATION DRAMA. By *Henry Ten Eyck Perry*. Yale University Press. $2.

Drama

WHAT'LL YOU HAVE? By KARL SCHMIDT and OLIVER HERFORD. Holt. 1925. $2.

This is a light comedy that rollicks along in frivolous, flippant mood from the first page to the last, intriguing the reader by the amusing situations and by an occasional sparkle of wit. It is not such a play as a professor of dramatic literature is apt to recommend to his students, and not such a play as one could justifiably applaud for its keen and understanding portrayal of life; but it is pleasantly if none too elegantly writen, and it will indisputably fulfil its purpose by providing good entertainment. As the title will perhaps indicate, the plot is not unconnected with liquid refreshment; in fact, the whole story revolves about prohibition, or rather about the failure of prohibition; and the action is largely taken up with the search for buried treasure in the shape of the hidden wine cellar of one Josiah Matthews, deceased. Of course, there is a love element (would a play be a play if there were not?); and in the opening pages we are introduced to comely young Alice Matthews, who begins by being engaged by her mother to one man, and ends by triumphantly marrying herself to another.

THE MANDARIN COAT. By ALICE C. D. RILEY. Brentano's. 1925. $1.75.

These six little dramas do not present that smothness of dialogue, that mastery of technique, without which the one-act play can never be an effective vehicle. One is annoyed constantly by the feeling that these pieces have been put together mechanically instead of being felt deeply by the author; the characters behave in a jerky, unmotivated fashion that is peculiar to the stage but unknown to life; there is never that artistic dissimulation, that fulness and that roundness of effect by which the drama at its best can convert fiction into reality. And yet the author has chosen good themes, themes capable of treatment by turns forceful, poignant, and comic; she has displayed an ability to handle plot and situation, and it is in the small but vital details of her craft that she is deficient. A typical play is the title piece, wherein a woman's love of finery causes her to deceive her husband and come near to bringing ruin upon all concerned; and equally characteristic is the play entitled "Skim-Milk," which describes a professor's family, and in particular the trials and temptations of the professor's wife, during those feverish years when the war was disrupting all normal human interests and relationships.

PLAYS PRODUCED UNDER THE STAGE DIRECTION OF DAVID BELASCO: A Bibliography.

LAUGHING ANNE. ONE DAY MORE. By *Joseph Conrad*. Doubleday, Page. $2 net.

Fiction

JUNGLE-BORN. By JOHN EYTON. Century. 1925. $2.

In the prologue of this strangely beautiful and fascinating story is briefly told of how a Hindu woodman, with his wife and infant son, goes to dwell too far within the jungle for safety. "One night the tiger of the Ridge had come down and taken his toll." Only Nanga, the baby, survives, and he, adopted by a mother ape of the tribe that lives in the bordering forest, exists for fifteen years among these simians, without consciousness of his humanity, without acquiring speech or any quality of adolescent growth save physical hardihood.

Though Katahbagh is but three miles distant from his solitude, no one in the settlement has ever seen Nanga. The dreaded tiger of the Ridge restrains the villagers from wandering far into that region. But one night, drawn by a vague, half-conscious instinct toward his kind, Nanga ventures timidly to approach the settlement. Before the hut of Piri Ram, the village usurer, a fire burns, and Nanga, allured by the phenomenon of flame, incautiously reveals himself to Parmala, Ram's daughter. Touched by his mute helplessness, his forlorn beauty, the girl brings food and tries to protect him.

The fakir is destroyed by the tiger of the Ridge, and after Nanga disappears from beside her, Parmala recovers the treasure box and starts to search for the boy. Parmala finds him almost expiring and nurses him back to life. Here we leave them, but in the soul of Nanga is dawning his first consciousness of self and of his comrade. Only the girl speaks, for to Nanga all is yet too new and strange, and he remains mute to the end. The one instance of keeping Nanga inarticulate is typical of the fine consistency which prevails throughout the story—a consistency in which are flawlessly blended the elements of fantasy and reality.

Out of materials as inherently simple as any which can be converted into a work

(*Continued on next page*)

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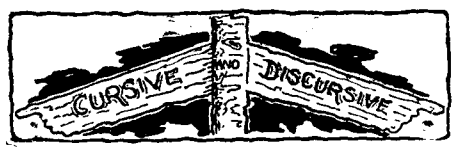

By THE PHŒNICIAN

AN Irish poet who seems to have slipped into this country with too little attention paid to his genius is *Joseph Campbell*, to whom we listened on a most auspicious evening a little while ago, while he read poetry old and new. Some of the new was his own, and to us astonishing. One poem in particular, about the stars, seemed to us a great poem if we ever heard one. Campbell has a fine presence and a fine voice. He has a leonine look. No, he is *not* the Campbell who wrote "The Flaming Terrapin." That Campbell is a young Australian. *This* Campbell is a man who should be placed in the front rank of the modern Irish poets. His poem about the dancer, with others, you will find in Lennox Robinson's new Irish anthology, but his work, wherever you can find it, is worth searching for. * * * A curiosity you should cast an eye over is the biggest book in the world (quite literally) written by *Matthew Page Andrews*, the historian. It is entitled "The Story of the South in the Building of the Republic" and measures 6 feet 10 inches by 4 feet 7 inches, being, at the same time, twelve inches thick. The volume weighs more than 500 pounds and the leaves are turned by electricity. It is on view at the Southern Exposition in the Grand Central Palace until May 23rd. * * * It is rumored that the mantle of *Charles Dudley Warner* has descended upon a pseudonymous author, one *"Rusticus,"* whose "Bucolic Beatitudes" is a modest volume you should seek out if you are fond of country life. These light essays sparkle. Buy this diminutive chapbook of Little, Brown if you like an occasional artichoke. * * * This fall, *Alec Miller*, the English sculptor pays us (The U. S.) a visit, lecturing on sculpture as history, the craft of the woodcarver, and kindred subjects. His lectures on art are quite individual. Anyone interested in communicating with him should address *Wendell Herbruck, Esq.*, Renkert Building, Canton, Ohio. * * * *Harry Hervey* has sailed for Angkor. He is going to hunt for the lost kingdom of the Khmers, the people who built the ancient ruined city in Cambodia. Which reminds us of how the name of Angkor bewitched Ethan Quest, the hero of Hervey's new novel of that name and caused Ethan also to voyage West across the Pacific. Hervey is only twenty-four, but this is the third of his glowing romances, succeeding "Caravans by Night" and "The Black Parrot." What we like about Hervey is the vivid color of his imagination, the freshness of the romantic youth of his yarns. * * * The *Gibbs* family is certainly one for authorship! We have had the three brothers, Sir Philip and *Cosmo Hamilton* and *Hamilton Gibbs* all producing recent novels, and now here is *Anthony Gibbs*, son of Sir Philip and nephew of the others, whose "Little Peter Vacuum" has just been issued by *Lincoln MacVeagh!* We are entertained by the title. * * * Of especial interest is another book that MacVeagh has just put forth, the "New Writings of *William Hazlitt*," collected by *P. P. Howe*. Here are thirty-three pieces reprinted for the first time, a large part of this new material having been discovered in the library of Yale University in a file of the *Atlas* newspaper, which proved far more complete than that in the British Museum; due, doubtless to the late *Professor Lounsbury's* consistent purchases in the past. * * * The *Viking Press* has secured *Edward Garnett* as its English representative and editorial adviser. He is the son of the late *Dr. Richard Garnett* of the British Museum, husband of *Constance Garnett*, the famous Russian translator, and father of *David Garnett*, author of "Lady into Fox," etc. He "discovered" *Joseph Conrad* and was early critical adviser to *John Galsworthy*. At present he is literary adviser to the English firm of *Jonathan Cape*. * * * Take our tip and look to *Crosbie Garstin* as *Sabatini's* successor. *Walter de la Mare* and family have left London city for beautiful Buckinghamshire. A collection of all *Galsworthy's* short stories under the title "Caravan" will appear next fall. *James Stephens* is contributing a story, "Etched in Moonlight," to *The Guardian*, a Literary Monthly published at 720 Locust Street, Philadelphia. It is being run serially. And a word on theatrical revivals: *Congreve's* "Love for Love" and *Ibsen's* "The Wild Duck," are astonishing performances. So is the later presentation of *Ibsen's* "Rosmersholm," with *Margaret Wycherley*. * * * They say now that the late *Mrs. W. E. Henley* (wife of the famous editor and poet) used to claim her daughter *Margaret* as the original of *Barrie's* "Wendy" in "Peter Pan." Barrie, it seems, was a regular visitor at the Henley house and the little girl called him "Uncle James Matthew." Barrie suggesting that she shorten this appellation, the child said, "I'll call you friend, a friendy-wendy." Hence the name. * * * We have permission to present the following sonnet which seems to us to make a nice pendant for this week's *C. & D.*

IL MAGNIFICO
By HUGH WESTERN

"An incunabulum—what, this today
You mean? Aye, it is costly, old and rare
But not as these to me. I have a flair
For early Aldines where the rubrics play
Like jesters through the sober text's array;
I'm fond of Tory too; look over there
At his Champfleury. Gad, that has an air!
Real style, design, I call that *distingué*."

So much for pose! Just then the slightest slip
Of girl tripped down the stair. She seemed to miss
The floor entirely, gave the pompous room
A sudden breath of hyacinthine bloom.
Off flew his spectacles, unbent his lip,
Almost he blushed—"Come, give your dad a kiss."

The New Books
Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

of high imaginative art, Mr. Eyton has created an illusion that seemed to us little less than marvellous. The secret of his rare accomplishment rests mainly in the exquisite quality of his prose, in the sheer mastery of writing without which the basic materials of the story could have been distorted into the likeness of another "Tarzan." We are enthusiastic over this book, and we could go on endlessly attempting to cite examples of its numerous virtues, for we know of only one other of its kind which is superior and that one is by Kipling.

POINTS OF HONOR. By THOMAS BOYD. Scribners. 1925. $2.

"Through the Wheat," Thomas Boyd's first novel, was widely acclaimed, upon its publication in 1923, as a distinguished chronicle of the Great War; nor did the two intervening years lessen its well deserved reputation. Now comes a companion volume, "Points of Honor," a collection of short stories whose concern is more with the life and thoughts of the soldiers behind the trenches than with the incidents of actual combat. Mr. Boyd, in a foreword to this later book, says that he regards it as a supplement to "Through the Wheat," a supplement which tells of episodes where man's relation to man is all-important, where the reality of warfare is incidental, remaining merely a constant background. Even as there was something of humanity in "Through the Wheat," so is there a taste of the trenches' grimness in "Points of Honor"; in general, however, Mr. Boyd has differentiated as he set out to, with clear benefit to each volume. The benumbing contact with the force of war is the essence of one; the subtleties of human relationships under a military influence, the essence of the other.

Detachment from his actors and withholding of judgment from his scenes characterizes Mr. Boyd's method. Obviously he is writing a document which shall convey photographically, almost, the routine in the so-called rest-camps, in the billets, in the hospitals, on the drill-fields. There may be horrors everywhere, inhumanities, rotting boredom, but in "Points of Honor" there is no crying out against them. For sentimentality, for ethical queries, the reader must go elsewhere. As a result of this faithfulness to his eye and to his memory, Mr. Boyd's account of the soldier's world and the soldier's opinion of that world must remain a model of intelligent reporting. Fifty, a hundred years from now these stories may well be a source-book for an historical novel, stripping from the events of the World War their then mossy romance. For, whatever else Mr. Boyd has accomplished, he has shown how insufferably dull and uninteresting the War appeared to the average man.

Unfortunately this quality of dulness escapes from the book, and seeps into the consciousness of the reader. In the whole 328 pages there is only one trace of humor, only one passage that can stimulate a smile. This absence of lightness is unnecessary, preposterous. In excluding every amusing incident or situation from these stories, Mr Boyd has been manifestly unfair to his comrades in arms, for it is obvious that when men are so thrown together some incongruity of circumstance, some waggery of character must emerge just so often, and bring with it the saving grace of humor. In the omission he has likewise offended his readers, for the book now stands as unreasonably heavy; few readers will be able to finish it at one or even two sittings.

The eleven tales vary greatly in form; some are little more than character sketches, others tolerably well rounded short stories. The latter are by far the most valuable, although in no case perfectly moulded to the requirements of the type. Excessive accumulation of unessential details usually throws the narratives out of sharpest focus. The accomplishment of Mr. Boyd, however, cannot be measured by any arbitrary standards. He has caught in his pages the minds of twentieth century Americans as they went to war; he has surrounded these Americans with the daily humdrum that they knew. To do as much is to have completed honorably his chosen task.

THE LITTLE DARK MAN AND OTHER RUSSIAN SKETCHES. By ERNEST POOLE. MACMILLIAN. 1925. $2.

Just now Russian mysticism is gradually coming into vogue. An inseparable undercurrent in Russian life, a powerful if dormant force in dreaming minds, it is bound to make a lasting impression on literature, even as the Iogi doctrine and Bhagavadgita have permeated the writings of our times. It is quite in the nature of things, then, that those writers who have visited Russia these turbulent days should have made capital stock of it.

The mysticism of Poole's stories is of a rather telepathic variety, the universal, hackneyed, though at distance—transmitted variety, worked to shreds in penny-novels. By sheer exertion of its potential strength, the spirit succeeds in materializing itself

(*Continued on page 766*)

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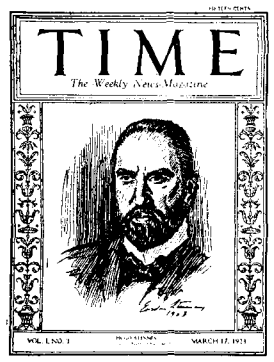

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

A BALANCED RATION

HESPERIDES. By *Ridgely Torrence* (Harcourt, Brace).

THE GEORGE AND THE CROWN. By *Sheila Kaye-Smith* (Dutton).

THE WOMEN OF THE CÆSARS. By *Guglielmo Ferrero* (Putnams).

A. K. M., Quincy, Ill., wishes instead of writing a club paper on "Greek Myths in Art" to review a single book on this subject: is there one that would rank with Edith Wharton's "Renaissance Gardens of Italy," the subject of a former review?

IF I had a chance as good as this to review the first volume of Elie Faure's "History of Art," the one on "Ancient Art" with a section on Greece, I should make haste to seize it. This remarkable book, which the author admits has been called rather a sort of poem than a history, has now been completed in translation: the volumes on mediæval and Renaissance art have been folowed by the fourth, on modern art.

J. P. B., Notre Dame, Ind., asks for books on the Holy Grail tradition in literature.

"FROM Ritual to Romance," by Jessie Laidlay Weston, is imported by Macmillan, one of the Cambridge University Press publications: the author's earlier "The Quest of the Holy Grail" is out of print, and so is Ernest Rhys's "The Arthurian Legend," on which I was brought up. "The Mystic Vision in the Grail Legend and in the Divine Comedy," by Lizette A. Fisher (Columbia University Press), is an inquiry with a view to establishing an interpretation of the last six cantos of the "Purgatorio."

Rev. Father Williams, of St. Andrew-on-Hudson, Poughkeepsie, sends me the following titles of English books on Jamaica to add to the American ones lately printed for L. B. W.

"History of Jamaica," by W. J. Gardner (T. Fisher Unwin, London). This is the best history available at the present time.

"Historic Jamaica," by Frank Cundall (The West India Committee, London). This is the most scholarly work on the subject and may also be obtained from the Jamaica Institute, Kingston, Jamaica, B. W. I.. Mr. Cundall as secretary of the Jamaica Institute is the best living authority on all matters pertaining to Jamaica. For a brief outline, "Jamaica in 1924" by the same author may be obtained from the Jamaica Institute.

"20th Century Jamaica," by H. G. de Lisser (Jamaica Times, Kingston, Jamaica), gives a graphic account of the Jamaica peasant and his customs.

"Journal of a West India Proprietor," by Matthew Gregory Lewis, though out of print for many years, frequently turns up at sales, and is well worth reading.

Of more recent works available, might be mentioned: "Through Jamaica with a Kodak," by Alfred Leader (Wright: Bristol, England); "Jamaica. The Lodestone of the Carribbean," by E. M. Cook (Arrowsmith: Bristol); "Peeps at Many Lands. Jamaica," by John Henderwon (Black: London).

FATHER FRANCIS DONNELLY, author of "The Art of Interesting" (Kenedy), "Art Principles in Literature" (Macmillan), and besides his devotional works, essays and poems that show him an expert on humor, thus embellishes and elevates the "seven jokes" discussion:

The seven original jokes have been ascribed to many persons besides Mark Twain and Robert Burdette. More than thirty years ago I read or heard that a German professor was responsible for the alleged discovery. This may put us on the right track. In 1880, J. Bernays published in Berlin a discussion of what is called the *Tractus Coislinianus*, a manuscript of the De Coislin collection at Paris, first printed in 1839. This treatise is a summary of the theory of comedy, and puts the sources of laughter under two headings, words and things. The first heading, words, has seven subdivisions and the second heading, things, has nine. Tzetzes (not the hypodermic African fly), another Byzantine, if the De Coislin summary is from Byzantine, has the same main divisions of laughter, and has also seven headings for humor in words, but only two for humor in things. Your correspondent will find all this discussed in "An Aristotelian Theory of Comedy," by Lane Cooper (Harcourt, Brace, 1922).

Professor Cooper of Cornell, who has done much to popularize Greek teaching, gives from Aristophanes, Shakespeare, Molière, and others, various illustrations of these types of humor. Scientists have done some remarkable rebuildings of animals from surviving fragments, but Professor Cooper, going a step beyond the others whose works he cites fully, has built up a lost book of Aristotle from the *Tractatus Coislinianus*, perhaps not convincingly, but plausibly, and ingeniously, and certainly with an array of solid learning. Professor Cooper does not mention this recent tradition of "seven original jokes," but I have thought Bernays's discussion may have started all this trouble.

"BOOKLIST BOOKS" will be out by the time this gets into print: this is the annual selection of 200 books recommended by librarians from all sections of the country as the best of the year for inclusion in public libraries, choice "based on the advice and votes of a large number of representative librarians intimately acquainted with the reading public's tastes and preferences." The six leaders in each class are named in the notice just sent out by the American Library Association, Chicago. In order of popularity, they are: "Saint Joan," Shaw; "Ariel," Maurois; "The American Public Library and the Diffusion of Knowledge," Learned; "Emily Dickinson," M. D. Bianchi; "A Reader's Guide Book," M. L. Becker; "Tales from Nature's Wonderland," Hornaday.

The authors who write in, as two did

(*Continued on next page*)

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AMONG the manuscripts in the contest the following two were of such merit that they were retained for publication with "The Scarlet Cockerel":

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Points of View

Research Defended

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

Your issue of March 21 carried a letter from Mr. E. O. James, rather amusing in its style but trite in its matter and I think unfair in its implications. As an embryo literary scholar I am moved to mild protest. It is all very well to speak superciliously of "the baled hay of research," and to laud the little girl whose innocent delight in Shakespeare is never polluted by her being forced to "see Abbott." It may even be well to shed a few tears occasionally for the poor young men who, in order to get graduate scholarships and academic advancement, are compelled to prostitute their sensitive souls by doing research. I am very much convinced, however, that this sort of thing may be overdone. That the academic world is far from perfect, we will all admit. As correctives for its evils, satire and sincere censure should not be discouraged, but they certainly ought to be supplemented and guided by sane, constructive analysis. Otherwise we shall have mere ineffective railing, and not the least of the resulting evils will be an increasing sense of martyrdom in the academic world itself. There are plenty of contributing causes for this feeling of self-pity which so obstructs the path of many good teachers, without adding the conviction that research is only a millstone hung about their necks.

The letter of Mr. James raises the whole question of the relationship between research, teaching, criticism, and the appreciation and creation of literature. Mr. James's attitude of contempt for research is an easy and obvious one, affording the opportunity to indulge in pleasant wit, and the thrill of a defiance which is free from the usual responsibilities of revolt. Many will applaud and few will question, for "pedantry" has always been the cry of the shallow, the lazy, and the sentimental at the pains of scholarship. It is continually objected that scholars are interested in facts rather than the interpretation of facts; that narrowness rather than breadth is emphasized; that everything *about* literature is studied and artistic merit ignored; that fine literature is too often subordinated to the study of the study of the second-rate in historical periods, that the writing of the present day is neglected; and that in general scientific study excludes æsthetic evaluation. It might be argued that after all, scholars best served their generation by these very faults, which are at least opposed to some of the worst features of a blatant age. Fact is worth emphasizing when the universal art is "salesmanship." Narrowness is preferable to a superficial breadth. To understand, even coldly, is better than to sentimentalize. The present generation, with its blare of advertising, may profit by being snubbed. The scientific attitude at least displaces the dilettante.

But even if we admit that too often scholars merit the criticism directed against them, we ought not to ignore the frequently successful efforts to harmonize the apparently conflicting currents in the study and teaching of literature. To carp at the ills of scholarship without accrediting its services is the grossest pedantry, even though it is rarely so labelled. Admitting that scholars are as fallible in their calling as doctors, lawyers—or even business men!—in theirs, I believe that there are many hopeful signs of renewed vitality. The increasing number of bibliographies, articles summing up the accomplishments in special fields, articles on *desiderata* in such special fields, and a closer, better organized coöperation among those of special interests seem to indicate a genuine effort toward a synthesis of results which cannot fail to exercise a helpful guidance over future study. Upon the basis of such a synthesis of knowledge a new and sounder criticism can arise, and doubtless it will. American literature is coming into its own, and in the opinion of some observers the study of contemporary literature is coming into more than its own. I know of one Middle-Western university where nearly a third of a large number of elective courses in the English Department are devoted to literature written chiefly since 1890. Certainly contemporary literature deserves some emphasis, and with less need for remote historical approach the study of it may very well lead to a more asthetically critical viewpoint. The teaching of contemporary literature will allow a greater contribution from academic circles to the professional criticism of present day writing.

I believe that some interesting and very valuable articles might be written on various phases of the study and teaching of literature in the colleges and universities of the present day. The extent to which modern literature is taught would surprise many people not in intimate contact with academic affairs. A serious and fair-minded appraisal of the Ph.D. thesis as it is now being written might even prove interesting. After all, there is much to be said in its favor, and it is rare that a good word is ever said for it outside of academic circles—it has even been criticized within the cloistered halls themselves! A calm look at faculties, past and present, would prove, I think, that researchers like Gummere and Schofield might clear up for some of us the problems of those who try to combine the two activities. The views of some men who have left the academic world for larger or at least other spheres of usefulness, might help in getting at the fundamental faults of the situation, and might possibly reveal that their academic training was, after all, one of the larger factors in later success.

Meantime a wider recognition of genuine and fine scholarship when it appears, as even the pessimists must admit that it sometimes does, is in order.

B. R. MCELDERRY, JR.

The Reader's Guide

(*Continued from preceding page*)

this month, to say what a thrill it gave them to come unexpectedly upon their books in this department, are informed that it is not a circumstance to what agitated the Guide when she guilelessly bumped into the above paragraph.

The fiction leaders are "So Big," Ferber; "The White Monkey," Galsworthy; "Passage to India," Forster; "The Little French Girl," A. D. Sedgwick; "The Old Ladies," Walpole; and tied for sixth place Donn Byrne's "Blind Raftery," Mary Johnston's "The Slave Ship," and Edith Wharton's "Old New York." For juveniles, the leaders are: Non-fiction, Colum's "Island of the Mighty," Hillyer's "Child History of the World," and Hodgkins' "Atlantic Treasury of Childhood Stories," Fiction: Nordhoff's "The Pearl Lagoon," Meigs's "The New Moon," and Lofting's "Dr. Doolittle's Circus."

A VOLUME of uneven merit but of great interest in certain of its essays has recently appeared in Vienna under the title, "Neue Oesterreichische Biographie, 1815-1918" (Wiener Drucke). The book contains a collection of biographical sketches of which those on political figures are illuminating and significant, reflecting as they do the last century of existence of the Hapsburg monarchy through the personalities of those who guided its destinies. Less valuable, however, are the studies of literary and scientific figures as these in many instances can hardly be taken as representive of anything essentially indicative of the Austrian genius. The book, nevertheless, is well worth the reading for the light it sheds on Austrian political history.

André Rouveyre, the French draughtsman and caricaturist, has used his pen with the same incisive, revealing, and mordant art in a novel just issued by him as he has shown in the past in his drawings. "Le Libertin Raisonneur" (Paris: Crès) is a vivid and searching portrayal of a soul at grips with itself, unafraid to face the reality, but bitterly aware of its shortcomings. It contains some moving and eloquent writing, and much clear-sighted analysis. It is essentially the work of a moralist.

Students of the drama will find interesting Paul Lang's "Bühne und Drama der Deutschen Schweiz" (Zurich: Fussli). Herr Lang presents a survey of the development of the drama in Switzerland, and then concludes his book with a discussion of the present status of the drama in his country, together with an analysis of the conditions which have made for its comparative insignificance and the means to its improvement.

According to a correspondent to the London *Times Literary Supplement* the first volume of the critical edition of all Petrarch's Latin works, which has long been under preparation under the auspices of the Italian Government is soon to be published (Florence: Sansoni). It will contain the "Africa," edited by Professor Nicola Festa, of the University of Rome, and will be followed by the first of several volumes of letters edited by Professor Vittorio Rossi of the same university. Another work under preparation that should appeal to scholars is a linguistic atlas of Italy, the plan for which has been drawn up by the Societa Filologica Friulana G. I. Ascoli" (Udine).

The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from page 764*)

and achieving its material purpose. Christian science adepts will find the first two stories quite stimulating. Yet aside from parenthetic remarks, sort of background artifice, there is not much Russian in either story. The main idea that runs through them, that a spirit can come to life through immaculateness of purpose and strenuousness of endeavor, is undoubtedly beautiful, and not devoid of philosophical value; but it is not much to say that it was quite a commonplace in modern Russian literature.

The stories are advertised as "now mystical now humorous." The humorous part of them is the more adequate. "Tales that My Uncle Told" are at least of ethnographical value. They are undoubtedly genuine, for among them we recognized several our father told us some twenty years ago. They are not without interest to the student of folklore, these brief anecdotes artificially and not very skilfully strung together.

On the whole, a palish collection of little representative stories. If we want humorous stories, why not translate Averchenko, the incomparable, who died last month in Prague? If there is a demand for Russian mysticism, why not translate the almost apocalyptical Remizoff, obscure and elusive, or Grebenschikoff, now in New York, or the romantic, subtle stories of Auslender, Kuzmin, or the superb mystic dramas of Block? They have said things about the Russian soul that no outsider can ever dream of saying.

We must admit that the author's purpose is not clear in making the people in his stories speak a language that is neither Russian nor English in spirit.

"QUACK!" By *Robert Elson*. Small, Maynard. $2 net.

SINGING WATERS. By *Elizabeth Stancy Payne*. Penn.

COPY. Selected by *Blanche Colton Williams, Dorothy Brewster, Helen Hull, Kenyon Nicholson*, and *Glen Mullin*. Appleton. $2.

THE HOUSE OF MENERDUE. By *A. C. Benson*. Doubleday, Page. $2 net.

SPINDRIFT. By *Harold Titus*. Doubleday, Page. $2 net.

THE PRIMARY ALLEGIANCE. By *Annie Lyman Sears*. Brimmer. $2.

THE STARKENDEN QUEST. By *Gilbert Collins*. McBride. $2 net.

THE NEGLECTED CLUE. By *Isabel Ostrander*. McBride. $2 net.

Miscellaneous

"MARGERY," THE MEDIUM. By J. MALCOLM BIRD. Small, Maynard. 1925. $4 net.

Modern science, to which the public looks up as to an omniscient God, has been scandalously at fault in its haughty ignoring of the phenomena of the séance room. The large number of scientists who scornfully assert that, since such phenomena simply do not occur and only gullible idiots would believe they do, therefore they will not waste their time in investigating them, give no very edifying exhibition of the "scientific spirit." They would do well to heed Professor Karl Pearson's admonition that wherever there is a chance for the human mind to know something, there is a legitimate problem for scientific investigation. And when one considers the immense body of scientific study of such phenomena by Geley, Richet, Schrenck-Notzing, and Crawford,—scientists all,—to say nothing of the work of William James, Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir William Ramsay, and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, it seems incredible that science can so scornfully hold itself aloof from a careful and unbiased investigation of the séance.

To the large body of evidence assembled by the scientists just named, this report of the phenomena produced by the now famous "Margery" must be recognized as a highly significant contribution. Every scientist, whatever his prejudices, can learn something of value from Mr. Bird's clear and utterly fairminded first chapter on "Psychic Research—What it Means." He avows frankly that his primary interest is to prove that such phenomena actually do occur in the presence of rigidly controlled conditions. Then, and only then, must we consider the problem of their cause.

This is not the place to outline the results achieved by Mr. Bird and the Committee of the *Scientific American* in their many sittings with Margery, but they are of extraordinary significance and importance, and in large part corroborate the findings of Geley and Crawford. And those who were convinced, by Houdini's thumping vituperations in the press and from the vaudeville stage, that the Margery sittings were all fraudulent, would do well to read Mr. Bird's amusing and good-tempered revelation of the tricky and disingenuous rôle that conjurer-member of the committee really played.

The book is most highly to be commended as not only admirably arranged and written, but as a contribution to our knowledge of psychic phenomena that cannot be ignored.

GASOLINE. By *T. A. Boyd*. Stokes. $2.50.

THE BOOK OF DIVERSION. Compiled by *Franklin P. Adams, Deems Taylor, Jack Bechdolt*. Aided and abetted by *Helen Rowland and Mabel Claire*. Greenberg. $2.50.

SECRETS OF THE SALMON. By *Edward Ringwood Hewitt*. Scribners. $3.

REST AND GROW STRONG. By *Edward Huntington Williams and Edward Bryant Hoag*. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.50.

THE SOIL AND CIVILIZATION. By *Milton Whitney*. Van Nostrand. $3.

FIRST STEPS TO CLIMBING. By *George D. Abraham*. McBride. $1.50 net.

REDUCING MENUS FOR THE HOSTESS OF TODAY. By *Edna Sibley Lipton*. Appleton. $1.

EVERYMAN'S GENIUS. By *Mary Austin*. Bobbs-Merrill.

THE EXPERT DICTATOR. By *Conrad J. Saphier* and *Thomas J. Smyth*. Pitman.

SHORTHAND READER. No. I. Pitman.

SHORTHAND CATECHISM. Pitman.

DICTATION TESTS FOR SHORTHAND STUDENTS. Pitman.

Poetry

AZRAEL AND OTHER POEMS. By ROBERT GILBERT WELSH. Appleton. 1925. $1.50.

Charles Hanson Towne's poem "Around the Corner" has for its theme the difficulty of maintaining a friendship in thronging, hurrying Manhattan. And now, as if in illustration, comes his touching preface to this book of poems by his friend the late Robert Gilbert Welsh, a scholarly dramatic critic whose talent for verse was hidden from most of us by the day's pressing concerns until his heroic death in saving a stranger from drowning cast an illuminating glow back over his career. That a man with the power to do notable work in verse could die almost without recognition in this field is one of the many little tragedies of New York City's art life. Yet Welsh's talent was not wholly obscure, for a number of his poems appeared in magazines which have high standards as to the verse they select.

The volume, with its moving preface, and its poems that reflect a cultivated mind and feeling heart, make an appropriate keepsake of a brave life. The poem "Azrael," which opens the volume, is in itself sufficient reason for the publication of the book. The verses are chiefly in a romantic vein—some of them have the flavor of Stevenson and some are in the mood of Aldrich, although the poet's personality is in them also. Welsh could be realistic too, and the poems, "Readers" and "Democracy," inspired by scenes in the New York Public Library, show a happy combination of a journalist's keenness of observation and a poet's penetration and sympathy.

FIRST POEMS. By EDWIN MUIR. Huebsch. 1925. $1.50.

Mr. Muir wistfully deplores the pathos and incomprehensibility of life. Time passes, he seems to say, beauty goes, and the stark loss is left, to rankle, and to turn, at length, itself, to half-forgotten misty bitterness. To this fragile and tenuous mood, he brings a manner that is often exquisite, always sure, but sometimes a little questionable.

In the handling of delicate internal rhymes and subtle assonances, and a haunting ripple of melodious rhythm, Mr. Muir is signally successful. A disquieting preponderance of abstract and general words tends to disturb the clear impression of his image. Occasional eccentricities in metre, such as staggering the stress in a somewhat English spondee, piling up, with no inevitability, an excess of syllables; and end-rhymes of "pool-beautiful," "move-above," "strove-love," "bird-sword," "fell-terrible," "sky-suddenly," are almost offensively noticeable, when Mr. Muir reveals elsewhere so assured and gratifying a command of the traditional implications of his medium.

The two poems, "Horses," and "On the Mediterranean," are the high-water marks of the volume. "Horses," in particular, captures a lyrical ecstasy and translates with sudden hidden light and beauty the concrete aspects of a simple scene. The two lines of retrospection:

Where the blank field and the still-standing tree
Were bright and fearful presence to me—

end "Horses" on a note of fearful wonder and imminent revelation.

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The World of Rare Books

By Frederick M. Hopkins

AT THE ANDERSON GALLERIES

FIRST editions of English authors from the library of the late Bertha L. Bolton of Rochester, N. Y., Kelmscott Press books from the library of a Boston collector, and standard sets in fine bindings from the library of the late Viola C. Lyman of Syracuse, N. Y., were sold at the Anderson Galleries in an evening session April 27, 259 lots realizing $11,941.50. The highest price for a single lot was paid for Fitzgerald's translation of the "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam," small 4to, original brown paper covers, London, 1859, a copy owned by Bessie Howe, Fitzgerald's housekeeper, which brought the record price of $2,050 and was purchased by James F. Drake of this city. There was only a sprinkling of rarities in these selections but there was much spirited bidding and many good prices were paid for the more important lots.

A few unusual items and the prices which they brought were the following:

British Poets, 76 vols., 12 mo, levant, London, n. d. An extra-illustrated edition. $770.

Byron (Lord), "Hebrew Melodies," 8vo, levant by Sangorski and Sutcliffe, London, 1815. First edition and author's presentation copy. $195.

Conrad (Joseph). "Twixt Land and Sea Tales," 12mo, original cloth, London, 1912. First edition, presentation copy from the author. $135.

Aesop and Gay. "Fables," 4 vols., Imperial 8vo, levant, London, 1793. Stockdale edition. $110.

Greenaway (Kate). Collected set of "Almanacs" with variations, 25 vols., 16mo and 24mo, as issued, London, 1883-97. First editions. $150.

Johnson (Samuel). "Works," 16 vols., 8vo, levant, Troy, 1903. Bibliophile edition. $110.

Keats (John). "Endymion," 8vo, levant by Maclehose, London, 1918. First edition. $495.

Keats. "Lamia," 12mo, morocco, gilt edges by Reviere, London, 1820. First edition. $140.

Moore (George). "The Strike at Arlingford," 12mo, cloth, London, 1893. First edition, presentation copy from the author. $60.

Fitzgerald (Edward). "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam," small 4to, polished calf by Gruel, in case, London, 1879. Fourth edition. $90.

Fitzgerald, "Rubiayat of Omar Khayyam," with an introduction by A. C. Benson, reproduced from a manuscript written and illuminated by F. Sangorski and G. Sutcliffe, small folio, vellum, richly gilt tooled, London, n. d. $155.

Oriental Series. Brinkley's "Japan," 8 vols., and "China," 7 vols., elaborately extra-illustrated together with water color marginal drawings, in all 15 vols., 8vo, levant, Boston, 1902. One of a few copies sent to Japan and ornamented by native artists. $440.

Poe (Edgar Allan). "Works," edited by Stedman and Woodberry, 10 vols., 8vo., levant, New York, 1903. Autograph edition. $115.

Rossetti (D. G.). *The Germ*, 4 numbers in one vol., 8vo, levant by Doves Bindery, London, 1850. Rare first edition bound up from the original numbers with the scarce wrappers preserved. $200.

Shakespeare (William). "Works," edited by W. E. Henley, extra-illustrated, 20 vols., folio, levant, Edinburgh, 1901. Connoisseurs' edition. $710.

Shelley (P. B.). "The Cenci," 8vo, levant by Zaehnsdorf, Italy, 1819. First edition of which only 200 copies were printed. $320.

Thackeray (W. M.). "Vanity Fair," 20 parts in 19, original yellow wrappers, London, 1847-48. First edition. $425.

AT THE AMERICAN GALLERIES.

THE libraries of Veryl Preston and of the late Walter Learned, comprising fine sets of standard authors, collected sets of first editions, handsomely extra-illustrated works, Bibliophile Society and Grolier Club publications, books from Napoleon's library, and autograph letters and manuscripts, were sold at the American Art Galleries, April 28 and 29, 657 lots bringing $48,352. The highest price, $5,050, was paid for a unique collection of about 375 autograph letters of the kings, queens, and celebrities of France from the time of Louis XII to Louis XVIII, mounted and bound in ten folio volumes, full crimson straight-grain morocco extra.

Other interesting and valuable lots and the prices realized were the following:

Audubon (J. J.). "The Quadrupeds of North America," 3 vols., royal 8vo, morocco, New York, 1854. $165.

Byron (Lord). "Letters and Journals," 4 vols., 4to, morocco, London, 1830. Extra-illustrated with 556 finely engraved portraits and views. $225.

Byron. "Works," 17 vols., 12mo, polished calf by Root, London, 1832-33. First collected edition with 17 autograph letters of Lord Byron and his friends inserted, one in each volume. $275.

Cervantes (Miguel de). "Don Quixote," 4 vols., extended to 8 by the insertion of 450 engraved plates, imperial 8vo, morocco, Edinburgh, 1879-84. $285.

Clemens (S. L.). "Complete Works," 35 vols., three-quarters French levant, New York, 1922-24. The autographed definitive edition. $315.

Dickens (Charles). A series of five autographed letters addresed to his American friends Mr. and Mrs. David C. Colden of New York. $425.

Disraeli (Benjamin). "Works," 20 vols., 8vo, levant by Stikeman, New York, 1904. The Empire edition. $265.

NOTE AND COMMENT

THE nineteen parts of the Britwell Court Library already sold have brought $2,460,330, which gives it the distinction of being the most valuable library ever dispersed at public sale.

* * *

A complete set of the Kelmscott Press publications are seldom sold under the hammer in a single sale. A full set of 53 items was sold last week at Anderson's, bringing $2,725.

* * *

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The Phoenix Nest

Speaking of Diversion

WE are, as the commercial letter-writer so succinctly puts it, "in receipt of" "The Book of Diversion", compiled by Franklin P. Adams, Deems Taylor, and Jack Bechdolt. We applaud in it an excellent idea. Heretofore we greatly enjoyed a similar English compilation "The Week-End Book". We find the American volume somewhat more rough and ready, somewhat tougher. For instance, there is no section devoted to advice as to what to do in case of drowning or being stung by a bee. The American editors seem to take it for granted that diversion is for the strong, and the perils of diversion not worth even a paragraph. And so they swagger on their reckless way, listing all the things that, to them, "come under the head of Pleasure".

We seek our own pleasures strangely. For instance, having dipped into the book, e spent a full hour reading over and over Quiller-Couch's "The Famous Ballad of the Jubilee Cup". That's our *idea* of pleasure. Already in our brief lifetime we have whiled away many a glowing evening with it. It beats any racing poem ever written for sheer, wild, idiotic excitement. There is, in fact, we say in our simple enthusiasm, only one other poem we like as well, viz "The New Ballad of Sir Patrick Spens" by the same author. You remember the great verse, when Sir Patrick cries:

"And there ye have a little triangle
As bonny as e'er was seen;
The whilk is not isosceles,
Nor yet is it scalene."

Of course F. P. A. doesn't seem to be as fond of Arthur Clement Hilton's "Octopus" parody of Swinburne as are we, nor of Charles Godfrey Leland's "Top-Side Galow", nor of the parodies of Henry S. Leigh, but his Calverley selections we fervently acclaim. And how truly diverting to find Deems Taylor's watch-winning "Haec Olim Meminisse Iuvabit" properly enshrined, and to come upon the sonnets from Meredith and "The Song of Songs"! Then, in the section arranged by Taylor, we rejoice in that college song:

How well do I remember the days of sixty-one,
When the bullets came a-whizzin' round us thick;
Then along come a cannon-ball a-flyin' through the air,
And it hit Bill Jones in the neck,
Up jumps Bill Jones; says, "My neck is mighty tough;
They're a tryin' for to kill me, but they can't!"
Those good old days, underneath the stars and stripes,
When we fit for Gin'ral Grant.
When we fit for Gin'ral Grant.
By gum!
When we fit for Gin'ral Grant!
Those good old days, underneath the stars and stripes,
When we fit for Gin'ral Grant!

This can always, in times of stress, establish again our mental equipoise. And what balm of Gilead there is in the negro spirituals, in "Heaven", "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot", "Go Down, Moses", and "Listen to the Lambs"! Our own choice of diversion, indeed, is the reading of poetry or the listening to good close harmony. We can't sing but we certainly enjoy listening to others sing,—not, however, at the "opery." Yes, in calling to mind great poetry, convulsing verse, old popular songs, and marrowy folk-ballads, there is surely the greatest diversion.

The great out-of-doors has, of course, its charms. We like it, and fresh air, in moderation. We are no good, however, at building a camp oven or listing supplies for a canoe trip. But then "The Book of Diversion", we see, performs the latter service for us. Keeping the baking powder, bacon, cornmeal, string beans, peanut butter, etc. all serene even in a sixteen foot canoe would, however, offer difficulties to us, and we should really rather play roadside whist or automobile poker, noting passing objects and license numbers.

Indoors we are not much good at memory tests or brain ticklers. But the "Three-Minute Plays" idea that Mr. Bechdolt elaborates seems to us to offer pleasing possibilities. The samples are very snappy. What profound, ah what profound epitomes of our mixed existence! We get more enjoyment from them than we do from the epigrams compiled by Helen Rowland, because—the trouble with epigrams is that they are usually aphorisms. But then really, to either epigrams, aphorisms, or playlets we prefer:

Mister MacKinlay, he went there for fun,
But Sholgosh he shot him with an Iver-Johnson gun,
For to lay him down, boys, for to lay him down.

With such fragments of song and ballad our brain is most truly beguiled. Our tastes, you see, are low.

Some folk, of course, are greatly diverted by intellectual conversation; but when we ourselves can remember—when we *can* remember—the part we took in the intellectual conversation of the previous evening, we usually decide that we are the world's prize platitudinarian. Sometimes under gentle stimulus it seems to us at the magic hour that we are really, at last, saying something profound; but it never turns out that way in retrospect. We wonder how on earth we had the nerve to make such obvious comments.

Then there's psycho-analysis; that's a popular diversion of the period. Or you can take up pelmanism. We have contemplated doing either or both. But always our just-plain-laziness has prevented. It would be interesting, for a while, to begin to realize just how hump-backed, bow-legged, pigeon-toed, and cross-eyed our mental outlook was, but we are sure we should tire of it. All our petted inconsistency and arbitrariness, all the misconceptions and prejudice in which we take each a paternal pride would be ironed into a rosy-cheeked outlook. How terrible!

No, we were really fashioned for the days of "The Mermaid Tavern," to snuggle down in some chimney corner with a tankard of something, a church-warden pipe, and, perhaps, a red-deer pie; there to list, through the blue floating haze of tobacco smoke, to the songs, droll stories, and bellowed ballads of the roaring boys. And it wouldn't have been hard to listen to old Ben Jonson reading out some of his racy dialogue or to hear young Kit Marlowe declaiming some of his purple passages. Quite an idea, that! But then, alas, we have been born much too late! W. R. B.

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